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LOGIES.

Then the white sea-gull,
Spotless as angels be,
Shining in sunlight high o'er head,
Is the same that I knew long away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the selfsame bird was I.

Over the sparkling sea
Of a fair freighted ship,
With its lovers and friends in full deep gone down.
But one had wilder woe,
And one had more,
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

Their sons some who mourned their youth,
With a modest loving truth,
For the brave hearts gone and never grieved,
And one upon the wave
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some spoke of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him all so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
Each spoke among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free,
"God knows have we met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For feeling hearts how cruelly
For the wrecks of land and sea,
But, however it come to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

WAS SHE GUILTY!

BY FAITH WYNNE,

Author of "The Fleasy Lee" Books, &c., &c.

[This story was commenced in No. 31, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XVII.

Days passed and still Clarice lingered in spite of the fear of her brother's infatuation, for her own suspicions had not yet had sufficient evidence to warrant her in proclaiming Marah to be the escaped convict, yet she had full faith in her ability to solve the mystery in time, and to prove the truth of the adage that "murder will out."

Ah, pitiful, most pitiful, it is, that there should dwell in the human heart a wanton desire to discious and hideous, we fain would hide in our closets, and to throw stumbling blocks in the way of those who long to leave the dusty highways and by-ways and wander in quiet, secluded paths beside the still waters that flow through the valley of Peace. If ever we need our angels that are given in charge, it is when first tempted to plot the downfall of another. Would to God such should live saying no word of censure that, dying, he would fain recall. And who, to look upon that beautiful woman as she sits gazing abstractedly out upon the sunspilt grove, would believe that she was planning how best to accomplish the ruin of a friendless sister. Suddenly her reverie was broken by the sound of a rich, sweet voice, chanting the miserere. Never did lips more despairingly cry, "Have mercy upon me, oh God?"

A cruel smile swept over the listener's face, as she arose from the seat and joined the party in the parlor.

"Do let us have some music, Cousin Evelyn; please send for Miss Waters, we must have her pure soprano," said Clarice.

Miss Dudleigh gladly acquiesced with the request, and sent a servant for Marah, who came with traces of tears still lingering upon her face.

"Oh, welcome little recluse! you did not know you had a listener to your dolorous hymn this morning. I wonder if David, when he composed those lines, dreamed that they would ever be so feelingly chanted by innocent young lips. One would indeed suppose from the extreme pathos, that you had quite entered with the agony of remorse that he felt after slaying the one ewe lamb. What innocent have you murdered, that you could have such full comprehension of the agony that must have inspired the lines?" and Clarice laid her hand caressingly upon her shrinking shoulder and looked fixedly into the dark blue eyes that drooped beneath the intensity of the gaze. A sickening sense of despair deprived Marah even of a just indignation at the manifestation of that heartlessness that would indeed one to trample upon the fallen. Then followed an awkward silence, and the evident confusion of the young girl became painfully apparent. With an impulse of a frightened child she looked from one to the other for a reassuring smile, but upon each face sat blank surprise.

Friend Lennox was not present. Marah resolved to seek her as her ark of safety, and turned to Mrs. Dudleigh for her permission to retire, but Dr. Earle came to her relief.

"I have just been requesting Marah to sing for us this evening. It will be too great a tax upon her strength, Cousin Evelyn."

"Then we will excuse you, Marah," said Mrs. Dudleigh, not unkindly, but with a shade of constraint in her voice, detected by Marah's quick ear.

Herbert at this moment entered, and his pleased smile at Marah's presence soon gave way to a look of disappointment when he saw Dr. Earle offer her his arm and escort her from the room, but he almost forgot his own chagrin, however, in his good-natured amusement at the wrathful jealousy depicted upon his sister's face. He knew full well the meaning of that lurid light in those brilliant eyes, that same light before which as a child he had cowed, and from his place of secure retreat watched with a kind of fascinated terror as she demolished every article that by within her reach.

Attributing her pallid, tear-stained face to a heart-trouble that his advice to Herbert had perhaps inflicted, Dr. Earle's almost mournful pity beat unusual gentleness in his manner as he conducted her to her room. He returned to the parlor with a sombre flow and preoccupied air that did not serve to abate the tempest raging in the breast of his fair fiancee. In vain she rallied him upon his abstraction, and tried to arrest his attention by her artful wiles. After several ineffectual attempts upon his own part to assume his usual manner he excused himself upon some plea and left the room. He had scarcely when he bade Marah good-night that her face wore a morning, wistful look at the sweet tenor voice of their mysterious neighbor was heard in the distance softly chanting a familiar hymn, and he felt a tremor run through her form, as she hastily withdrew her hand from his arm and walked to the window at the end of the hall and looked in the direction of the cottage apparently measuring the distance with her eyes.

After he left her he thought he heard a light step descending the stairs, and the belief forced itself upon him that she had answered in person the call he had been told that she had exerted all her will-power to resist, therefore he obeyed the impulse to seek her in her room and was not wholly surprised to find it empty. With hurried steps he started in the direction of the cottage, and mid way he found her handkerchief lying in the path, a confirmation strong, that his suspicions were not unfounded. He put it carefully in his pocket really glad that he had been the finder instead of another who might make mischief of this girlish escapade; quickening his steps he soon reached the cottage. The wind had blown the window curtain partially aside and revealed to his astonished eyes, Marah seated beside a gentleman, her tear wet cheek resting on his shoulder, his arm encircling her waist, and again and again his lips were pressed fondly to her white forehead! For one moment he stood listening in blank amazement and then turned his steps homeward with a sickening sense of perplexity and disappointment. That this young girl, apparently so artless and pure should be living a lie seemed hardly possible, and yet what else could the evidence of his own senses prove this night? When he returned to Mrs. Dudleigh's he walked restlessly to and fro across the verandah that commanded a view of the path she must follow when she came back; there he might at least protect her if danger assailed her in her lonely path.

Finally he espied her approaching with swift and light footstep. Suddenly stopping and hurrying toward the cottage she tried the fastening lock and stretched her hands toward it raising her eyes to heaven, evidently imploring protection for its inmate. Dr. Earle continued his watch until she had reached the house in safety then went away to ponder in solitude over this strange scene, and to chide himself for his annoyance at Clarice's suspicions, which he feared now were too well grounded, and as if in atonement for his injustice to Miss De Vere's opinion, his manner was unusually gentle when he next met her, and while the fascinations of her artful, unseemly beauty, lulled him into forgetfulness of aught but the pleasures of the moment—even Marah with her possible sin was banished from his mind, but in the clear, calm light of the following morning, duty again asserted her sway and he sought an early opportunity to speak with her, and found her in the grove leaning against a moss-hung tree idly plucking a rose to pieces and casting its petals to the wind. He gazed through harsher eyes than he had been accustomed to view this fair young creature and felt no reluctance to break in upon her reverie.

"Pardon me, Miss Waters, I wish to restore a handkerchief you dropped last evening," he said, looking intently at the startled face with its varying color.

"Thank you. Where did you find it?" she asked, with an effort at indifference that but poorly concealed the eagerness with which she awaited the reply.

"In the path leading to the haunted house!"

A deadly pallor overspread her face as she looked inquiringly, almost beseechingly into his eyes.

"I presume I found it a few moments after you dropped it," he added.

"And where were you, Dr. Earle, that you appeared full advised of my movements?" she asked with wrathful scorn.

"I followed you, and I would advise prudent young girls to ascertain that the window curtains are proof against the ravaging of the night wind when they make such calls."

All sense of fear at the discovery was overwhelmed now in the burning indignation that swept over Marah's soul. The face she lifted to him was radiantly white, and with intense contempt she looked bravely into his eyes and said:

"You, of all others, Dr. Earle, I should least expect to stoop to the position of a spy." And with an impatient gesture, as though spurning his presence, she turned to leave him.

"One moment, if you please, Miss Waters; from your standpoint doubtless I merit this rebuke, and perhaps a word of explanation is due on both. Last evening I saw you were troubled and I tried to shield you. When I parted from you at your door your manner was peculiarly nervous and restless, and I had been told of the strange fascination the singing of the new neighbor exercised over you, and with an indefinable fear that you would do something rash. I, as your physician, put a watch over your steps; I remained near you, that if danger came I might avert it and the disclosure made at the end of my walk was altogether a surprise to me. Rest assured, had I a suspicion of your close acquaintance with the occupant of the cottage I should have left it to him to protect you."

"I will pass over the unmerited sneer of your closing remark, Dr. Earle, and sincerely thank you for the trouble you took in my behalf."

"But, can I shield you any longer if you recklessly throw away your reputation? Do you deem it prudent to act as you did last night?"

"But, oh, Dr. Earle, 'we love each other!'" Marah replied, hesitatingly.

"Then why not openly avow it and allow him to protect you from contumely?"

"We cannot. The nature of our intimacy must remain a secret for the present. Can you not trust me?"

"No, I cannot trust one who is deceiving her employer, who loves and believes her to be above suspicion, and has placed her guileless child in her care and close companionship."

"And God knows my presence will not contaminate that poor child," Marah cried, lifting her head proudly.

"I once thought as you do, Aunt Helen, with regard to birth and high degree, but Aunt Mary has almost won me over to her belief that honor and shame from no condition rise,'" said Mrs. Dudleigh.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies!" said Dr. Earle, entering at the moment and playfully completing the couplet.

"Is Aunt Helen riding her favorite hobby, 'blue blood' again?" he added as he took his seat among them.

"Let him laugh who wins, Dallas! Perhaps yet you may come to think with me that those who turn no stranger from their door, do not always entertain angels unawares," said Mrs. St. Leon.

Dr. Earle divining what subject was under discussion asked no questions, but Ethel hastily tossed aside her sewing and perching herself upon her brother's knee, took his face between her hands and looking at him steadily for a few moments, said:

"Dallas is a friend of Marah's, and yet he does not love her as we do, so he will be a better judge of her actions than we who are blinded by love or over prejudice."

"Well?" said Dr. Earle, rather reluctantly, accepting the proposition.

"Marah has been seen calling at the haunted house!"

"And what of it? Do you know that she went with any evil intent?"

"Of course not, but Aunt Helen thinks it was dreadful to go alone and clandestinely."

"I knew of her going."

"You?" cried Ethel in astonishment.

"Yes! the gentleman who occupies the house she recently and accidentally discovered to be an old friend, and for reasons, good ones doubtless, they desire their acquaintance be kept a secret for the present."

"A very improper course! Clandestine meetings inevitably result painfully," said Mrs. St. Leon, more than ever annoyed, now that her nephew espoused Marah's cause.

"We will respect Miss Waters secret, and continue our trust until we know her to be unworthy."

"How good you are, dear Uncle Evelyn, and I am so glad for poor Marah's sake to hear your charitable verdict," said Clarice, laying her hand, caressingly, on Evelyn's shoulder, her calm face betraying none of the vile rage that raged within her bosom.

"Thank you, indeed! but I must not be crushed upon that low bred girl whose beauty has more than once won his gaze from me, and who dares defy me with her contempt." His thoughts as she clasped her hands tightly to conceal her tremulousness. At this moment she chanced to direct her eyes towards the open window, and, lo! they fell upon her brother and Marah strolling in the grove, Birdie skipping along in advance. They were apparently absorbed in conversation, and suddenly Marah's steps ceased, and, laying her hand upon his arm, she seemed to be speaking very earnestly. Clarice uttered an impatient exclamation, attracting all eyes to the two motionless figures.

"Pardon my vexation, but I believe I have very pretty taste of family, Mrs. St. Leon! My brother is infatuated with that girl's beauty, and remonstrance seems vain."

"Such a mesalliance would indeed be deplorable," said Mrs. St. Leon, indignantly.

"It must not, shall not be," aried Clarice, passionately.

"In the spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

"It may be but a passing whim, Clarice," said Dr. Earle, trying to palliate her excitement, although he felt in his innocent soul that Herbert was standing upon dangerous ground.

"Ah, an artful woman is full of wiles to lure susceptible young men," said Clarice.

"Ere tempted me and I did eat! I have too much pride for my sex, Clarice, to wish to make them shoulder all the blame as old Adam did, and no one seems to feel that Marah would be a sufferer, in consequence of an unfortunate attachment. All of you appear to be under the impression that Herbert must be saved, even though Marah perish," said Ethel.

"What a true little partisan you are, but we wish to separate them before it will give either pain," said Clarice, soothingly.

Marah and Birdie soon after went through the hall unaccommanied by Mr. De Vere. Marah's face was very flushed and her eyes suffused with tears as she raised them one startled moment to meet the gaze of the ladies sitting in the library. Dr. Earle alone seemed unconscious of her close proximity although she felt that he heard her first and last footfall.

Later in the day, Dr. Earle encountered Herbert walking hastily toward the house.

"Why, so sudden?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I am cowardly enough to run away from pain; I have asked Miss Waters to marry me and have been refused. I love her with all my heart and the fact that it is a young heart that bleeds will undoubtedly evoke no further comment with you who are older and colder than that of ridicule. So be it! Time will deal with my wound as with others, I know, but to hasten the healing I must go away! And to tell you the truth, Dr. Earle, I have one grain of comfort in this affair—and that is, it will perhaps prove to my proud sister that Miss Waters is not the designing creature she deems her."

"Rest assured you have my sympathy, Herbert."

"Thank you; and let me ask you to be a friend to Marah, for know she needs one; I would so gladly have shielded her from every sorrow," he said, with a sigh, as he turned away and strode town to the house with drooping head, wondering why the fair world had been bereft of her glory.

Clarice was astonished at her brother's abrupt sentence, and his announcement of intended departure.

"Can you be ready to accompany me by the next boat, Clarice?"

"And that leaves in a half hour? Have you lost your senses, Herbert, that you ask such an impossibility? Why it would take almost that time to fold one of my dresses decently for the trunk, and furthermore, my visit is not completed! No, Herbert, I will not go!" said Clarice, dismissing the subject, as she supposed.

"Then I can go alone, and you can join me when it suits your convenience."

"What is the meaning of this haste," said Clarice, eyeing him curiously as a faint glimmer of the truth dawned upon her mind.

"It means, my lady sister, that I have asked Miss Waters to be my wife, and have been refused! Would you have me remain longer?" he said bitterly.

"Idiot! Where is your pride? I blush for your shamelessness, Herbert. Have you no blushes for the rash act?"

"I feel proud that I have a heart that can appreciate true worth and nobility of character. Good bye, Clarice." And before she could stop him he had gone to make his adieux to the other ladies and was soon off. As he left the house he glanced up to a curtained window when a pale, tender face looked down upon him and a white hand waved a farewell.

Clarice really loved her brother as well as her selfish nature would allow her to love any one, and the thought of his suffering, as well as the indignity that she considered had been placed upon him, by no means tended to pallitate her feelings toward Marah. That the girl could be serious in her refusal she did not believe, that she was testing her power over him and would soon try to lure him back again, was her settled conviction, and she smiled a cold, cruel smile as she thought of the sword that hung by a hair over the young girl's head.

Marah pleading a headache, kept herself secluded the rest of the day, for she felt too conscious to meet any of the household, lest she should betray in some manner her knowledge of the sudden departure, not suspecting that Herbert had so boldly avowed his love for her, but that night fall she stole out into the grove and looked wistfully at the little footpath leading to the haunted house, and involuntarily her steps turned thitherward, but they were soon arrested, however, by a stern voice at her side:

"Miss Waters, before you go further, I would like to speak a few words with you. I heard this morning that you had had a lovely assignment of your clandestine visits. To Mrs. Dudleigh's kindly forbearance and trust you are indebted for their silence upon the subject. I cried to avert suspicion, and ensured them you had made your last call. Such, I believe, was your voluntary promise."

"I have not broken the promise," she replied with simple dignity.

"But you were in a fair way of doing so apparently. I have no right to interfere with your actions, but as a friend I thought best to warn you."

"For your kind intention I thank you, Dr. Earle. For your unjust suspicions I forgive you, for circumstantial evidence of my duplicity is strong against me! My friend has left the cottage, I presume. I left him good bye last night. Therefore, I was not going to meet him, but I was going to the house, impelled by an overwhelming desire to enter the room so lately hallowed by his presence, and peruse and find some article his dear hands have touched," she said, with a voice husky with emotion.

"And do you indeed love him so well, poor child?" asked Dr. Earle, suffering his tone, as his heart was softened by her desolate sorrow.

"Yes, I would die for him," she replied earnestly.

"Then come, if it will comfort you to go to the house, I will accompany you, and perhaps that will protect you from the suspicion already awakened in your family. I will not be unnecessarily hallowed by his presence, and perchance

will long be remembered," she said, bitterly, "I thought it best not to come before, and now I can leave to ask you to take a walk with me, you have not benefited the fresh air to better."

"I fear that I should encounter some of the bodies."

"Oh, I will guard you against that," Dr. Parke said, taking a shawl from the hands and laying it over Marah's shoulders. She silently accompanied him out into the grave, but every sound startled her, and she held that tightly about her arm as they walked slowly, but he conversed upon indifferent topics until she grew calm and then he drew her to a seat beside him on a rustic bench, where the brilliant moonlight fell softly upon her beautiful, pure face.

"I have brought you here, child, not only for the benefit of the fresh air, but also to say a few things to you that I would not without fear of interruption. As you have doubtless divined, Miss Du Vere is my promised wife! I am not blind to the fact that you do not entertain very warm regard for her, but you respect her, do you not? I will thank you do her injustice sometimes. Nay I do not start away from me. Your tell-tale face has told me of several accusations your heart has made against her. I will not dwell upon them that wicked, for I did not come here to plead her cause. I only wish to assure you that however evidently she may be convicted in my heart, she will always be a power for a dear little friend, do you understand?"

"I understand quite clearly that love for one woman need not necessarily exclude friendship from another, Dr. Earle."

"And it will not, with me, Marah. In the future looming up so gloomily before you now, you may need friendly advice and sympathy, and will you always feel free to command mine?"

"Do you not believe me—guilty?" Marah said in a half whisper, so her fair face dropped until it was shadowed.

"Guilty? I am a harsh word to apply to one so young and refined. It is true, as you do not deny the charge made against you, I am forced, and so it is, to give it credence."

"I wish you to believe it, but I cannot understand why believing it you still offer one your friendship."

"Simply because I know you too well to believe there one sin in your heart, and I have upon several occasions had evidence of your intense nature, which I have seen glow in indignant wrath upon your face and gleam in your eyes until I knew your every finger tips were tingling with suppressed anger, and I can well believe that with premeditation this little hand could be raised in the impulse of passion and strike the blow that felled the brute, who in my heart tells me merited the fate, or, your better nature would not have meted it out."

"He is dead, and I believed he meant not to ruin my life. I think perhaps you censure him wrongfully in some respects"

"Do you plead for him? Did you love him much?" asked Dr. Earle, earnestly, as he lifted her head and looked into her clear eyes.

"No, Dr. Earle, but—he loved me," she faltered.

"And therefore you will not admit that he was a sinner?" Dr. Earle said, laughing at the womanly logic.

"Let us not speak of him, please; you cannot know how his still white face haunts every hour of my life, and I feel that I have lived a hundred years since that fatal day."

"Pardon me, child, we will drop the subject forever."

"Not until I have thanked you for your charity. I have talked very freely to you and put you pressure to be kind to me, and I have no doubt such suspicion that my own words have caused into conviction. The hand that you believe now, without a shadow of doubt, to have been lifted fatally against a fellow being, you still do not shrink from clasping?" she said, extending it half timidly, but as he took it with a warm pressure, and then lifted it reverently to his lips, and drawing it within his arm said, "Marah, my child, you have given me a light so long enough, you need restill stray on the same of Earle's love and confidence."

"I will try," she replied wearily, but still drew all the bonus of the night a watch was upon her door.

And now several quiet uneventful days passed by and Marah was growing more brave and cheerful, for Charlie had gone to join his brother. Dr. Earle had accompanied her to her home, and was hourly expected to return to Mrs. Dudleigh's. The ladies, with the exception of Marah, were seated on the verandah in the welcome hour before tea, and to their surprise when they rejoiced him coming from the landing they saw he was not alone, but was accompanied by two strangers. He looked weary, and the little group and then almost fearfully cast his eyes above to one of the windows where a sweet pale face looked out from the half parted curtain and smiled a welcome. In the moment he felt that he could tell the news to the earth. After introducing them to the ladies and seating themselves upon the piazza, he called Marah to Lenore's side, the house and told her to break the news as gently as possible to Mrs. Dudleigh that the strangers were others who had come to escort her home.

"And we will tell the poor child of her demise?" asked the gentleman.

"Whoever has the most strength," he replied sadly.

"Rather then must do it I cannot," said Friend Lennox, turning away with a faint heart.

Dr. Earle went slowly and dejectedly to Marah's room. She heard his step and opened the door with a bright smile and extended her hand to hail him welcome, but the light faded from upon her lips as the sore expression of his mother's face.

"You bring me bad news, I know," she faltered.

"Yes, Marah," he replied, taking her hand and leading her to a seat.

"Were those two persons who came with you—others for me?"

"Yes, Marah. I met them at the landing. I do not know how long it would have received their information of your whereabouts, poor hunted creature," Dr. Earle said tenderly, drawing her trembling form close to his side.

"Well, it matters not—that they have found me is sufficient; but to leave you—no, no, no," she said with a pitiful effort at pleasantry.

"You shall be minded to-night. You will be permitted to remain another night in your own room with your mother, Marah, promise me that you will do no rash act," he said, taking her hand and looking at her with an earnestness she could not misunderstand.

"Ask me to make no promises, Dr. Earle. We none of us know what we would do in an extremity like this, and I am not the first tortured away with a sigh and a determination to watch her—but I cannot desperate she should indeed put her threat into execution—she would not Likei entered hurriedly, tremulous with fear. Trembling from head to foot she laid her head upon her shoulder and wept bitterly. Dr. Earle quietly withdrew, believing the broken grief would be a relief to her, and he would perhaps be a solace. As soon as he left, Marah sprang to the door and fastened it, and in a cautious manner locked it.

"Marah, I see no compunctions in aiding an enemy, dear friend; tell me if you can devise a way."

"There is but one way for me, my friend, and that is death!" she replied, with quivering lips.

"Oh, no, no say so. I know you are not deserving of so fearful a fate, and I will bring before you two. You must fly, change clothes with some one this hour and then I have several times passed unnoticed in front of the sentinels. I am sure you may be taught, if you will don them I will clothe myself in yours, and they will think I am still there. Oh, do not hesitate, my friend! The hour will soon leave—you will only be a few miles distant from Dudleigh's in the land," and in her excitement she began to disrobe Marah, who, overcome by grief, gives to be boldly, and the last found her alone, scarcely recognizing herself in the disguise, and acknowledge her self-possession to Rockwood, who was waiting for her in the hall. With an affectionate embrace they parted. With an assumed air of indifference she passed the sentinels, and while in sight walked slowly, but when beyond the grove

THE OLD GARDEN.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

A garden, a lovely old garden, I see,
As I shut my tired eyes to the sunlight;
With stately and graceful green shrubbage in place
As a picture is shaken to my sight.
Not the pictures it showed when neglected and rude,
Its borders all ragged with weed;
Its beds in confusion, its walks overgrown ran wild,
As if ruin had driven across.

There stood the old pear—a pyramid of green—
With fruit in the autumn sunshine,
The whole summer sunshine, its dews and its rain,
Its warmth.
Mellowed in from the pool to the core.
And there stood the peach, with its soft velvet cheek,
Where the cherry chieftain packed might and main,
With its store of bright fruit, nothing else
but bough.
And the russet up-leaping in vain.

And there stood the plum, in its rich, luscious, velvety dress,
That sensitive child of the sun!
The pride which open to show the gold flesh!
And the more modest purple that hid it from view,
The envied of every beholder!
The apricot's pale-yellow globe,
The downy and delicate nectarine,
The sly, treacherous little; the large, oval egg-plant,
And the grape's silver, delicate dust.

Yes, there stood fruited garden—first shone a bouquet,
The rich and mingled scent of flowers,
What the sweet-eyed May came in youthful array
And dwelt round her footsteps for hours.
In the hot summer nights, the still bustle began,
With the humming of bees, the fire-flies' sparkle,
The secret of flowers and honey-dewed plants,
The lovely lily's pure chalice.

Then the glow worm her green and gold lantern
held forth
Where the gooseberry sprawled by the wall;
And the fox-fire's pale silver shone out of the black
Like the milky-way's wonder like a trail,
And the bat—the winged mouse—left his haunt in the
barn,
To flit in the pathway advance;
While the cricket lit shrill, hollow strain scraped
For the katydid's shorter dance.

When the sun, to draw water, his ladder let down,
The garden exploded in breath
And scent of the bright colored flowers which on
rose,
And clustered on the hollyhock's crest.
The bumblebee's jacket was spangled with drops,
As he lumbered from out his retreat,
And the butterfly's fans fanned their velvet wet
in the warm sultry bliss of the shower.

In the old crooked cupboard in a nook of the house
Was stored the old-fashioned array,
And the currant-bing cut its red tassels of fruit
Where the mulberry hung its dark cluster.
What wealth of rich health the evergreen poured out
When spring came with its soft showers!
What a wild waft of sweet violets, blue, gold and white,
Awoke in their fragrance of flowers!

The old garden spot has now vanished away;
A dwelling stands forth in its place
And a street, hard and stony, runs straight by the
door.
Where the roses no longer I trace.
Thus, thus it is ever—of happiness the lovely they look
In the desert and glory of to-day,
But the Reap'r, with Reaping-hook filled with blossoms and
sorrow,
That in Eden but furnish and play.

FASHIONS OF THE FIRST EMPIRE AND OF THE RESTORATION.

Costumes Worn by our Grandmothers.

To show how widely different the taste and fashions in dress were during the first quarter of the present century, as compared to those of modern days, the following description will be read with interest by many, who will no doubt recognise in some of the curious styles, a costume similar to those worn by our grandmothers or even mothers. It is to be hoped that in the great tendency shown by fashion to revive some of these styles, that they will receive the occasional touches of the present taste to render them more graceful and becoming than of old.

FIRST EMPIRE.

At the time of the Empire many of the fashions of the Directoire still prevailed, and a certain monotony of form characterised the short gauzy tunics, fitting like a sheath over the skirts, which were so short that they often displayed the front of the under petticoat, and so narrow that little difficulty is to see how their wearers could have danced in a quadrille. Large bunches of flowers and bands of ribbon held a prominent part in their adornment. Light and transparent materials were in great favor, in accordance with the universal admiration for the dresses of the ancient Greeks and Romans, introduced by the Marvellleuses. Pauline Bellini, the bride of the Emperor Josephine, her Majesty inspired all her sex more or less with a love for richly embroidered muslin and percale, and even redingotes of percale, as well as of cloth, merino and velvet, were much worn. The former had so many furbelows that more than forty yards of the embroidery was required to trim them; the latter were cuirassed with gimp, arranged in many patterns, the most popular of all being the Grecian.

The Grecian Republicaine were cut in one, and empirically enveloped their wearers, being closed down the centre length of the front by hooks or buttons. Narrow bands encircled the short tight-fitting waiste, the bodice was opened V shape, and finished off with either flat and upright frillings or vandyked revers.

Contemporary with these dresses were the unique d'Antiques, known by various names, such as the Sentinelle, that like the Diane, the Spheres and Pierrot bodices, in pace colored or feuille morte satin. Turkish mahmens in a smaller degree than they had been, furnished material for dresses, over which were placed fur pelisses in winter, and embroidered fichus or cachemir shawls in summer.

Until after the year 1810 laces and bonnets were worn very small, and usually made of velvet or satin. Tuscula shapes, brought over from England by the refugees, and flame-colored ribbons tied under the chin; the latter to Josephine had a square crown. The simmer toques were generally made of embroidered muslin or gauze, and the bridal veil was also used for the cape. Some of the latter resembled the nightdress of our grandfathers, and were furnished with a long gauze veil falling at the side. Another style was the turban, the favorite headdress of Mme de Staël. Materials used for the turbans were silk, cashmere, merino, barege, muslin, and gauze, plain or bordered with gold; occasionally a combination of various colors were employed in their construction. These headdresses looked extremely elegant, but the fashionable combinations of shades needed so much artistic taste that many substituted a single scarf or shawl of well assorted hues, while others were satisfied with a perfectly plain one, taking the shade which best suited their complexion. Yellow was worn both by blondes and brunettes, specially by the latter, who preferred light to dark shades. Red and other dark colors; whilst the blondes adorned themselves in very bright, blue, and lilac. The principal ornaments for the turban were feathers, marabouts, egrette, birds of paradise, crescents, stars, diamonds, and various kinds of precious stones. The crescents were sometimes placed in front of the crown, but most usually at the back, and the stars and the pearls were arranged in rows of festoons, also in the front. For the turban a la Juive one end of the scarf was twisted round the head. From under these headdresses peeped out little curls, which gradually decreased in size toward the forehead.

Powder had now entirely disappeared from all ranks, and the hair was dressed plain, parted a la Titus, and frizzed, or confined in a net or gold thread. The effect of these low headdresses was the same as that of the small caps a century before. The whole race, says the critic, "is scratched and dragged in a state of toasting that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once nearly seven feet high, but who now measure some inches in five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole set be at present under the influence of some evil wizard, or whether they have cut themselves short in order to make room for something of that kind which shall be entirely new; though I had most are of opinion they are so generally alike because they are formed, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater luxuriancy than before." The shoes themselves resembled the ancient sandals, being furnished with thin and perfect flat soles, and were tied to the ankles by silk ribbons in the Roman style. The upper parts were of brightcolored satin, velvet, or kid, cut in sandal shape, and gaytish bins. To finish the dress after the introduction of Indian cashmeres, stays, and the general use of artificial flowers.

From 1810 to 1815, hats and bonnets increased in size, and were much varied in form; some assumed high shapes like those worn in others the face was shaded by a broad brim projecting over her face. Waving plumes or narrowbrim generally surrounded the crowns of velvet, silk, or straw bonnets. The simplest were made in organdy muslin, puffed and ruched, and fastened on with strings or a twisted gauze scarf. These, in some instances, were drawn on a wire frame, and the front protruded to form a shade.

Later on, when France was entered by the allied armies, Fashion adopted the military style, and gave to the headgear the shapes of shakoes, and the cockade, &c., loaded with feathers in the national colors.

The fashion of wearing the hair underwent but slight alterations. The cropped a la Chinoise was still much admired. The hair was drawn back from the forehead, twisted in a coil at the back of the head, and confined by three rows of gathered or plaited ribbon.

The dresses were now mostly fastened at the back, and did not leave the shoulder so exposed as formerly, though in many cases the V or square-shaped opening was so low as to require the addition of a muslin canon or under-bodice, finished off at the neck with a stiff double ruffle. With pumalin bellaires were worn gauntlets of the same material, and velvet spencers or sharks, which latter merely consisted in a long scarf. The winter costume of fashionable ladies was rather a caricature. A tight-fitting cloth redingote with gigot sleeves enveloped the figure; an immensely large stiff collar met the brim of the high-crowned hat, under which the head was muffled.

One of the necessary accessories of ordinary toilettes was the richly embroidered handkerchief that was carried in her hand, for her skirts being too narrow to allow of pockets.

By a freak of fashion, the tiny shoes were superseded by high boots with flat soles, buttoned at the sides like a pair of coats.

THE RESTORATION.

During the early part of the reign of Louis VIII. the skirts became, if possible, shorter than before; but, happily, by the year 1824 they were made fuller round the hips, and the insidious became loose. Some of them had a deep point in front, and were finished off round the low necks by wide bouillonnes, flat folds edged with a narrow frilling, or a tasteful trimming of embroidery. Spencers continued to be fashionable.

Wearied of so much sameness in the form of sleeves, fashion introduced many novelties, which culminated in the enormous adoption of the gigot sleeves, kept up by whalebones or padded with soft down. Other kinds, such as the funnel-shaped sleeves, were made plain or puffed, and adorned at the top by a bouillonne or jockey-frill, from which they gradually narrowed to the wrist.

Round the neck double or treble ruffles, frillings, turned down collars, or a necklet of garnets or pearls, were worn, and the waist was encircled with a belt fastened by a diamond clasp. Dresses generally reached the ankle, and displayed coquettish little shoes of satin, or of quilted velvet lined with fur for the winter.

From this epoch we have the portrait of that invisible material, merino, which was ornamented with such a fur ordinary ermine, that in ball dresses crepe made a light and vaporous trimming, and was sometimes intermingled with fleurs-de-lys, pearls, and cars of wheat in pearls. Merino redingotes, and green cashmere cloaks with double capes, were in great favor for walking dress, and with evening dresses pelisses of satin, lined with swansdown and bordered with chinchilla, were worn. The elegantes of the Restoration were most fastidious in their plain and colored gloves, which, in spite of their high price, they renewed every day.

The hair was worn high at the back, arranged either in a net or bag, or massage rolls, and in order by combs; the front hair was parted in the centre, and fell over the temples in little frizzed curls. On grand occasions this headdress was completed by feathers, which were ornamented with gold or silver tinsel. Dresses in ball dresses crepe made a light and vaporous trimming, and was sometimes intermingled with fleurs-de-lys, pearls, and ears of wheat in pearls. Merino redingotes, and green cashmere cloaks with double capes, were in great favor for walking dress, and with evening dresses pelisses of satin, lined with swansdown and bordered with chinchilla, were worn. The elegantes of the Restoration, were most fastidious in their plain and colored gloves, which, in spite of their high price, they renewed every day.

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SATURDAY EVENING, AUGUST 25, 1877.

PHENOMENAL SUCCESS IN LITERATURE.

This land of ours is, par excellence, the country for phenomenal successes in literature, and there is no secret in the well-defined reasons why it should be so. In the first place, Americans like change and have a thorough appreciation of novelty. They get tired of reading books written in a conventional style, and will weary of the sameness that naturally attends an author, no matter how talented, for every writer has certain trains of thought and certain mannerisms of composition that cannot be shaken off. In the second place, our people are fond of marked peculiarities suddenly sprung upon them, and eagerly snap at quaintly drawn characters in fiction and bizarre ideas in works partaking of the nature of essays. In the third place, readers adore dots on exceptional originality in literature, and grapple it to their hearts "with hooks of steel." Many other reasons might be given for the sudden and overwhelming popularity of certain writers in our midst, but the few we have imagined have already advanced will suffice for the purpose of this article.

All are aware of the meteor-like rise from obscurity of Bret Harte, who, in "The Heathen Chinee," struck a chord that vibrated throughout the length and breadth of the country. The result was that from the editorship of a comparatively unknown periodical, he became, in a remarkably short space of time, the most prominent literateur in the land, and his writings commanded princely prices. To be sure, 'The Heathen Chinee" was but a squib, so to speak, yet it opened the gate to fame, and gave its author an opportunity to show the world that he could write something of real literary merit and prose sketches that are unrivaled in their peculiar vein. Not quite so phenomenal a success was that of Professor Wm. Mathews, of Chicago, who is now widely known as the "Great Unknown" of the West, but, nevertheless, this talented writer had a very rapid rise, and has maintained his popularity even more steadily than Bret Harte has maintained his. Professor Matthews, however, chose a slower field than fiction, and was content to labor as an essayist. Holmes and Holland had worked this field in a tolerably exhaustive manner, before the advent of their Western rival, but the latter, though he took up the old subjects, treated them in a novel style, and thus gratified the American longing for change. To-day, with all due acknowledgment of the power of Holmes and Holland, Professor Mathews is more popular with the mass of readers than either of them.

John Habberton's case was truly a phenomenal one. Prior to the advent of "Helen's Babies," he had struggled along the thorny paths of journalism without either much encouragement or much promise. He had actually failed as a paragraphist on the New York Herald, and "The Bartou Experiment" had not made a very pronounced hit. We all know how he took up the old subjects, pages of "Helen's Babies" to beguile the dragging hours of his sick wife, and how he afterwards, as he himself avows, cast the work on the sea of literature, expecting it to float for a brief space and then sink forever out of sight. But in "Helen's Babies" Habberton had, perhaps unconsciously, made a new departure from the beaten track of fiction, and had, as it were, become the apostle of a new school of writing. The public caught at the new facts, and John Habberton, one day the obscure journalist, the next found himself famous. His little book had an instant and an enormous success in the United States, and was reprinted in England with a like result. Its author followed it rapidly with other ventures, which curious readers were eager to purchase and peruse. He, however, like a conscientious man, bestowed more care on his later productions than on "Helen's Babies," and the event was "beneficial to his literary reputation, as was proven by the reception accorded to his "bricto Book" by both press and people. This novel, to our mind, is decidedly the very best thing that Habberton has yet produced.

In France, phenomenal success in literature is not of so frequent occurrence as in this country, not because the French, especially the writers, are more eager for change than the Americans, but because they are more critical and exacting. They ponder well over a book before they give it their unqualified approval, and some of the lessees of the Paris publishing houses do not become popular until they creep slowly through five or six, or even eight, editions. In the United States, on the contrary, a book makes its hit at once or not at all, though it may remain what is called a "standard" without attaining permanent or general renown, and thus gain some sense of phenomenal successes. But it is not for us to quarrel with the peculiarities of our nation, and, at any rate, we could not find it in our heart to quarrel with the phenomenal hit of an American author, who, perhaps, for long years, was unfairly overlooked and unknown, a prey to doubt as to his abilities, and more than half disgusted with the pen and the life of drudgery that, in the great majority of cases, follow in its wake.

THE LOVE OF FLOWERS.

Many persons, especially of the stronger sex, are apt to consider love of flowers effeminate. Perhaps it may be, but, nevertheless, it carries with it a refinement of taste highly commendable. We never see a gentleman with a little tuft of roses in his button-hole, or a lady with a bouquet, but we feel a kind instinctively that we are in the presence of a human being whose thoughts and sentiments are above those of the common mass. Doubtless, flowers were thick in Capua, and their subtle perfume may have had not a little to do with turning the Carthagenian warriors into sybarites, but even for that offence we must forgive them.

Flowers are the emblem of peace and love, and the heart that cherishes them cannot be otherwise than peaceful and lovable. They strew the church on festive occasions, deck the marriage feast and are laid on the coffin—and in all these instances they lend a touch of a sense of comfort, quietude and resignation. The church is all the brighter for their presence, the marriage feast all the more joyous, and the coffin all the less mournful. Mrs. Hemans, or some other English poet, called them "daysstars," and no name could possibly be more appropriate, for like stars they light up our homes and our hearts, and fill us with the cheerfulness of their presence. The blue vault above us would lack half its beauty without the stars, and the earth would be dull and dark indeed without its flowers.

To our notion, the hanging-basket, with its masses of drooping buds, makes a room, barren of all other ornament, a place of attraction and coziness. The bare walls of a hospital become cheerful when their dreary blankness is relieved with a few garlands of humble flowers, and we are told that the inside of these places of refuge for the suffering poor experience relief in their presence, and are more easily cured when they can cast their eyes upon them and drink in their modest beauty and healthful fragrance. Hence, the kind ladies of the various flower missions bring them into these realms of affliction, and are blessed for so doing by their fellows in distress. The flower missions are styled beautiful charities, and, in truth, they are so.

We have all read in Santaine's eloquent language the touching story of Count Charny and his "Picciola," the little gilly-flower that illumined the darkness of its prison house, and who sat and gazed in his case the love of the tiny plant was not a benefit and a blessing. We say to everybody, stir up your dormant affection and love the flowers with which the Omnipotent has canopied the earth. They are here for a purpose, and that purpose is a mission of peace and joy. Love the flowers, and pass silently by the scoffer and the insensate who would endeavor to lessen your thorough appreciation of them and the holy calm they inspire.

OUR SANCTUM CHAT.

In a recent article on "Cards by Post," the London World says: "Our modern practice of interchanging cards is scarcely to be explained on any rational theory of social intercourse. The duty of leaving cards at houses where a dance or dinner has been given or may be anticipated, falls as a serious tax on the time and strength of all classes, but especially of the carriageless portion of the community; and a grievance which was trifling when London distances were less enormous calls for a remedy when, simply to deliver a card into the hands of a footman. . . . They involve a pilgrimage from Prince's Gate to Portland Place, or from Bayswater to Westminster. No better remedy can be suggested than that which is the most obvious one—namely, the transmission of cards to their destinations through the postoffice. Why should not the recognition of hospitable favors be conveyed as well in a sealed letter, or, better still, on the blank side of a half-penny card, engraved with the name of the absent guest, as on the piece of cardboard at present in vogue? Inasmuch as it savors less of a surreptitious attempt to evade the strict letter of etiquette, this plan is, at least, preferable to the arrangement now commonly resorted to by single gentlemen, of leaving their cards with a butler over night, on trust to deliver them the following afternoon. If it should be feared that in passing through the post-office cards would lose the sentiment involved in them, it may be replied that they have long since lost any sentiment worth preserving. Originally they expressed, as they occasionally do now, a genuine regret at having failed to meet a friend, but their existing use is an extension and abuse of their original intention, destitute of any real feeling of friendliness, and expressive of nothing beyond a cold conformity to the received canons of politeness. The accumulated ingenuity of generations has seriously complicated the primitive simplicity of card-leaving. The exact significance of a dog's-eared card, the fitting apportionment of cards to a family, are among the questions which belong to the vastes et vagues, or wild waste land, of unwritten etiquette; and to expect any one to carry about with him a complete knowledge of such matters is as unreasonable as to expect a man to possess a portable knowledge of the pedigrees of the Plantagenets."

SAYS the Boston Saturday Gazette: "There is a season of suspension of active operations in the Eastern war, following on the Russian defeat at Plevna. The Russians appear to be massing bodies of troops so large as to render another defeat impossible. The nation needs to adopt this policy. She has suffered severely in prestige since the war with Turkey commenced. In fact, all of her advances have been won by overpowering numbers, or by the anarchy in the councils of her enemies. Whether Russia succeeds or not, it would seem that there need be less of jealousy of her than was expected to exist as the result of the war. The objections to her success on the part of the European powers will be in weight from this time forward. Russia for a long part of every body else must be immeasurably improved by most developments. It may be said to be a necessity in the interest of humanity, as well as of Christian civilization. The barbarities of the Turks, their revolting cruelties and fearful massacres of non-combatants, have sent a thrill of horror through the world. Frightful as they are to contemplate, they would be small in comparison with the ravaging and the butchery that would follow their repossession of Bulgaria. The powers of humanity everywhere should go with the Russians, because the Russians are the only barrier to a slaughter of innocent and helpless people which the imagination shudders to contemplate. Civilization has known no such atrocities in warfare as the Turks have shown themselves capable of perpetrating. Were the fabled dragons of antiquity to come to life and reality, they could hardly be more prone to prey upon human flesh. There is no reproach than is the toleration of a nation like Turkey in these deeds of horror. If she cannot be driven out of Europe, may its unfortunate Christian people be spared from the butchery which another Turkish victory would bring to them."

THE following account of the manner in which the tobacco manufacture became a State monopoly in France will be found interesting: In the early part of 1810 Napoleon's attention was drawn to the magnificent diminution in the revenue in tandy; he inquired who she was, and learned that her husband was a tobacco manufacturer. In the following November a decree appeared which announced that this trade would in future be a State monopoly. It is to-day. There are sixteen factories.

RUSSIA has latterly increased her exports instead of curtailing them, and those who expected a failure of the crop to cause an immediately increased demand for American breadstuffs as well as an advance in their price, have thus far been disappointed. England has certainly imported more wheat and flour since Russia took the impulse to the importments of grain from abroad, may be gathered from the fact that the month's imports of wheat from the undisturbed countries, notably America, are much less instead of greater, notwithstanding the high prices." Another cause is assigned for the increased exports from Russia is the depreciation of the domestic paper money in that country. Paper roubles, which were worth thirty pence, English currency, in 1867, have declined in value when the war broke out, are worth only twenty-four pence now—a depreciation of twenty per cent.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., New York, "Gerard's Marriage," by Andre Theuriet, which has just been issued as the second volume of Appleton's "Collection of French Authors." The author is a favorite in the rising writers in the Paris Revue des Deux Mondes, and his popularity in France, whilst a guarantee of his merit, is not a criterion to Dundet in, nevertheless, great. As a novelist he is chaste, tender and sincere, and his special field is pictures of provincial life and provincials. He is a pronounced lover of woodland scenes, and his descriptions of rural life involve a portion of them. His style is fresh, graceful and delicate, and shows careful polish. "Gerard's Marriage" is a charming love story, interspersed with quiet humor and with either a sympathetic plot or much striking incident, but is full of fine character sketching and choice descriptive passages. In the present case, Gerard's Marriage is clearly printed on good paper, in one small octavo volume of 207 pages. Price, in paper cover, fifty cents per copy. For sale in this city by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

We have just received from Messrs. Peterson & Brothers, of this city, "The Queen's Favorite, or The Price of a Crown." This work is an historical novel by Emily Sarah Holmes, and forms the seventh volume of "Peterson's Dollar Series of Good Novels." It will be found to be fully equal to the average of new books of the present day, as the author combines in it a graceful and attractive style, moving dialogue, genuine depth of feeling, highly cultivated intellect, and other important essentials of a good novelist. It is, as a story, very fascinating, as well as a deeply interesting novel, and is one of those that, when once begun, cannot be laid aside, even for a meal, until the end is reached, for one of the many merits of the book consists in the steadily sustained dramatic interest in the various chapters of the story, through a multitude of events, in a satisfactory manner. It is elegantly and substantially bound, in blue vellum, embossed with original designs in gold of bluish grass from the Queen's Park. It is 12mo. volume, 364 pages, and is gotten up in a style uniform with that of the other issues of the series. All and all, it is a very handsome, remarkably cheap, and within the reach of all.

THE MAGAZINES.

Appleton's Journal for September, has three illustrated articles—one on "Charles River," a second on "Dulwich College," and a third on "Tyrol and the Tyrolese." There is also a frontispiece by Alfred Fredericks to a dramatic tale entitled "Jean Nicot," which has for its incident in the French Revolution. The second installment of the story "A Struggle," by Mr. Bastard, is published. Between Friends is a stirring incidents in a French mansion on the Alsatian border during the Franco-German war. A very interesting novel is begun called "By Celia's Arbor," written conjointly by three popular authors—Messrs. Woolson, Eastman and James Rice, authors of "Mossy Monthby" and "The Golden Butterfly." Mr. Richard A. Proctor makes some entertaining comments on the name "Gwendolen," which George Eliot gives the heroine of "Thaliel Deronda," saying it to "Gwendlian," meaning "white linen," accompanied with a picturesque sketch of an early Welch heroine of the name. Then there is a somewhat long, but excellent story, "Ten Cheeks to Remember," by Miss Chegy, a bit of pleasant gossip over "Some Old Play Bills", by J. M. E. S. J. paper on "Charles Kingsley and his School," by F. D. M. Hemingway and we are glad to note the name of Constance Fenimore Woolson among the contributors to the poetry. There are still other papers, and well filled editorial departments, making a rich budget for the price of a dollar a year for it.

Potter's American Monthly, for September, reaches us with a perfect wealth of illustrations and good reading-matter. It opens with the third paper on "Civic and Social Life in England—Portland, the White Mountains and Lake Winnipesaukee," by Samuel S. Baxter. In this article, the reader is liberally carried to the charming mountain and lake regions of New Hampshire, and brought into the most delightful relations with the scenery and outdoor life. The eighth paper on "Architectural Progress—Ecclesiastical Architecture in the United States," by Rev. Dr. Blackburn, is also full of interest, and, like the former paper, is richly illustrated. Another interesting article is on "Ancient Pottery," by Edward Lamson Henry, in which he exhibits the charms of nature in American, on the other, the harmonies and incongruities of art in the Old World, as religious symbols. Following these, we notice a second paper on "The Literature of Mexico," by Elizabeth Dodge Smith, which continues the interest awakened in the first chapter, and that is saying a good deal. The literature of Mexico is both strange and curious, and her poetry, so graphically portrayed, magical. "The Spectre of Somers Town," by Mrs. Ellet Lewis; "A Court Day in the Marlach Country," by W. W. Crane, "The Poets of Philosophers," "Deerfield—Old and New," "Gerrit Smith—the Story of a Humanist," and "Sierra Nevada," by a Topographer, are entertaining papers of attractive style, and should fail to read the "Sierra Nevada" paper, written from Pratt's Peak; it is a most graphic description of the scenery. The editorial departments are well-filled and highly readable.

Scribner's Monthly, for September, is a truly admirable number. It contains ninety-eight illustrations accompanying eight papers, as follows: 1st, "The Immigrant's Progress" from the village hut in the old country to the prairie farm in the new; by W. H. Hideing, with some remarkable wood-cuts; 2d, "The Pan," a historical and descriptive paper by Maurice Morris; 3d, "The Land of the 'Arabian Nights,'" by Wm. Winter, including an interview with the present Turkish Minister of War, formerly Pasha of Bagdad; 4th, "Old Quebec," by Julian Hawthorne; with many sketches, by an anonymous writer; 5th, "An Island of the Sea," being Port George Island, Florida, which is described by Julia R. Dodge with enthusiasm, and is illustrated by Thomas Moran; 6th, a pleasant paper by Wells and Gilder on a Source of Water Supply," showing how they can be protected against fouling; 7th, a fine illustrated article of "Microscopical Research," and, 8th, Dr. Holland's "Nicholas Minturn," which will come to an end next month. The other departments are full of interest, and the seasonable story, "Hooking Water-melons," by Edward Bellamy, the second part of "His Inheritance," the new novel by Miss Trafton; and another story by Mrs. Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," entitled "Louisa," with North Carolina scenery and dialect. Other papers in this number are "A Russian Funeral," by Eugene Schuyler; "Hints on the Use and Care of the Eyes," by Dr. Burnett, the oculist; and a paper on "College Instruction," by Charles F. Thwing, who gives some interesting comparisons of instruction in leading American colleges. The poetry is by Richard Henry Stoddard (a catch entitled "At Merry Mount"), Clarence Cook, Mrs. Platt, Mary Aings De Vere, Mrs. E. C. Kinney and others. The editorial departments are literally overflowing with interesting and instructive matter.

St. Nicholas, for September, is truly a spirited and attractive number. The frontispiece is a wonder of spirited execution; and the first article, "Young Folks' Pets in Central Park," from the pen of Mr. Charles Barnard, with pictures by Kelly, sustains and adds to the attractive effect. George MacDonald follows with the first half of a charmingly simple story of Scottish shepherd-life, illustrated by his characteristic touches and flashes of insight, and carrying an admirable lesson. The little poem, "Sweet Clover," by Lucy Larcom, is beautiful in it that corresponds with the sunny hue of its subject. Mr. Edward Eyle, in both the text and the silhouette illustrations of "Transmer Frits and His Exploits," treats the youngsters in a rare and jolly fount of extravagant adventure; and Joel Stacy comes forward with some funny verses explaining a picture of Kate Greenaway's. "Minded Men and Wicked to Donahan," Olive Thorne has a capital sketch of child-life in the little paper entitled "Baby Talks;" and Mr. Wm. M. P. Round introduces a lively and well-illustrated account of the pranks of "An American Circus in Britiany"—the museum of fossil customs and ideas. Professor Proctor, with the aid of Mr. Gillam, tells "Some of the secrets of the 'Dipper,' and the appearance of the stars for the month; Ina Cassi has a brief but pleasant article on "Thistle-pulls," with an exquisitely executed illustration; the lushly-tailed favorite of the autumn woods, under the name of "Panchy," is described about and travels long and stationary journeys, as related by Mrs. Frances H. Mathews; "Talks with Boys and Girls" is delightfully combines amusement and shrewd counsel in a life like account of "How I went a-Burning." Mrs. Lucy Larcom has a charming poem by a capital picture of the "Album." The installment of "His Own Master," Mr. Trowbridge's boy story, is packed by rapidly deepening interest. Paul Fort, in "Peter's Rabbit's Home-hunter, and Peter's Adventures of many Pleasant ways; and the well-beloved "Little Schoolma'am" has a common-sense talk about "Schoolmates," and several of the children's letters to herself upon the subject, and much sound practical advice. The rest of the contents of the current number of St. Nicholas are fully up to the usual standard.

The Riverside Magazine, for September, is as complete a scientific miscellany as usual. It contains by way of frontispiece a fine portrait of Professor Simon Newcomb, whose biography is also given. There is a characteristic article from the pen of the celebrated Herbert Spencer, on "The Comparative Psychology of Man." Professor Sanborn Tenny, with the aid of illustrations, writes pleasantly on "Old Forms of Building Fishes." "Observations of Italy" are characteristically treated of by Professor Ira Rayne, and there is an illustrated paper "On Drops," by A. M. Worthington. "Vivisitation and Morals" is the title of a thoughtful essay from the pen of Dr. Lewis G. Janney, and George Ellicott Sellers is represented by an illustrated description of the "Aboriginal Pottery of the Delaware Valley." The Student and Intelligence, "Science and War," and "The Labor Question" are full of the most curious and varied interest. The editorial departments are carefully arranged, and will be found of especial importance to the student reading matter in which poultry raisers take delight. Both numbers are liberally illustrated, and that for August contains three fine chromo lithographs H. H. Stoddart, publisher, Hartford, Conn.

MUSIC.

We have received from Messrs. White, Smith & Co., Boston, the following pieces of new music: "Seraphina Polka-Mazurka," a beautiful and not difficult morceau for the piano, by G. D. Wilson and "Her Trios," with pedal accompaniment, for the organ, by Gustave Merkel.

F. W. Helmick, Cincinnati, sends us a new castle song, "Sweet Home," by Robby Newcomb, entitled "Don't Put the Poor Working-man Down," the words and music are in the author's characteristic style.

Went to His Own Funeral.

From the Boston Advertiser.

Says a gentleman to a patron, pointing to a cabby sitting on his box near by, "You see that man? Well he went to his own funeral."

"Not really," exclaims the surprised passenger. "I will tell you how it was," continues the cabman. "I was driving a gentleman not long ago in his wife of hard times, and he said he was going to drown himself. Now, it happened that I had been out of work for some days, and concluded he was dead. Now, on the day of the funeral he was driving his carriage along a street, when he met a wife and all his relations following a hearse. 'That's sad,' said he to himself, 'there's my poor old aunt, who is to be buried to-day.' Then he thinks, 'As luck would have it, the aunt he thought were dead turns around and speaks to him. Then, you see, there were two dead men, and he began talking to each other, and the process soon stops. And they tell me that a livelier funeral was never seen in our town."

A Good Joke on an Actor.

The San Francisco Footlight tells a good story on John Jack an actor. While in Oregon he played at Astoria, the headquarters of the salmon fisheries. The Salmon Canning Company pay 30 cents apiece for the fish, and Jack concluded that if he could make a speculation and catch the fisherman. He accordingly announced that one salmon would admit a man to the gallery. The house was packed, and the next morning, bright and early, he hired an express wagon and had the load conveyed to the cannerries, accompanying it himself with a large cavan bag to receive the ten or two of half dollars in exchange; but pictures his despair when, on arriving there, he was politely informed that his cargo was worth nothing, as it was composed entirely of sardines. The fishermen had taken advantage of Jack's ignorance, and each had palmed off one of the cheaper salmon upon him. Jack says he don't want any more Astoria in his.

HOME CULTURE.

X.

SELF-TRAINING;

A COMPANION TO THE

"YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,"

Compiled to Suit Life in America,

BY

MRS. H. O. WARD.

CHAPTER III.

BREAKFASTS—LUNCHES—TEAS.

"At noon as Phœbus' rays impart no heat,
Fruit, ale, I trow, is then the proper treat."

Wedding breakfasts, and dejeuners a la fourchette, have all the form and ceremony of a dinner. Flowers and fruits are arranged in grades of opulence, and scattered about according to the taste of the one who arranges the table, with here a Minton china figure of a girl holding a basket of flowers, there a youth guiding a wheelbarrow laden down with roses, while small crystal globes with their tiny clusters of blossoms dotting the morning table-cloth with vivid hues, add much to the beauty of the decorations.

The English menu for all breakfasts, formal or informal, seems to be: "Plenty to look at, plenty to eat, and plenty to leave."

At wedding breakfasts wines are served with the cold game and poultry, chicken and lobster salad, salmon a la Mayonnaise, oysters, hams, potted meats, game pies, jellies, ices, cold sweets and fruit. Of course dishes differ with the seasons of the year.

Those most suitable for an informal breakfast of eight or ten persons where everything is placed on the table, are broiled fish; eggs poached, curried, buttered or in an omelette; stewed kidneys, mushrooms on toast; broiled game; deviled poultry; broiled chops; potatoes crispy, fried or roasted; meat pies; fruits; red wine; coffee and tea.

In England, one is frequently invited to formal breakfasts as late as four o'clock in the day, but it is better suited to one custom to call any meal that is served after mid-day, and before dinner, a lunch. Let it be remembered that custom has of late years sanctioned the use of the word lunch, for a meal that is served daily, at a regular hour; and luncheon for an irregular meal taken at any time, with no variety of dishes, and which may be as Gay has it, only "a slice from a barley loaf." Your friends then should be asked to lunch with you, not to a luncheon, if this understanding is the correct one. Still, there seems to be no good reason why the true meaning of the word 'luncheon,' should not give way before the need of a word to correspond to dinner; 'to lunch, then, serving the same relative meaning to 'luncheon,' that 'to dine' does 'to dinner.'

The differing meaning of the two words 'lunch' and 'luncheon,' shows that the author of "Modern Etiquette," has made a mistake in giving the word 'luncheon' as the right one to use for a dainty bite or nibble. One can use either word, remembering the difference in their meanings. The same writer instructs us not to say that we are going to "take tea" with a friend, but that we are going to "tea," etc. Now we do not say that we are going to "eat" supper with Mrs. Blank, but we say "I am going to take supper" with Mrs. Blank. The old authority that we have for this arbitrarily given rule, is from an anecdote told by Beau Brummell, who, in reply to a courtesan calling to him whom passing her window, "Will you take tea with me to-night?" is said to have answered "Madam, one can 'take' liberties, but one 'drinks tea.'"

It is not vulgar to say "take tea," nor is it at all out of the way to say, "drink tea," which usage is optional for one to follow one's own preference.

A sensible custom that prevails in some parts of England ought to be introduced in our country; especially at the season or resort, where the residents of cottages outnumber the occupants of the hotels, namely: where early dinners are the custom, and guests are invited, they are asked to lunch instead of to dine, which enables the host to avoid the heavy dress; and where is there a man to be found among us who does not rebel when he is obliged to be as often as by our absentities; to appear in broad day light in evening dress? Why not then a dinner in every particular so far as the dishes and the wines, and the serving of them are concerned. The ladies wear rooms, with high necks, and sleeves, the gentlemen their check suits, or morning dress. Less ceremony and more enjoyment possibly.

When it is necessary to call in wait to to assist in serving dinner at breakfasts, luncheons, or dinners, which are served a la Russe, the ordeal is a most trying one for the hostess. Those are the cases where ignorance is bliss, and where it is folly to be wise; but whatever the shortcomings may be, whether the wines are poured in wrong succession, the salad appearing out of place, or any of those numerous originalities that undrilled waiters delight in, it is wiser for the hostess to make no attempts to rectify them. After providing the cook and the butler with a carefully written out menu, that the butler may bring the wines again each course,—she has done all that she can do to insure their appearance in order; and, no matter what goes wrong, she must not seem to notice it, if at the cost of her self-possession.

For a formal lunch of from eight to twelve persons, the following menu can be varied at pleasure, observing the succession.

MENU FOR A LUNCH.

Bouillon (sherry).
Patties of sweet bread.
Fillets of beef.
Cutlets, potato balls (champagne).
Quails on toast.
Salad.
Ice Cream (sherry).
Fruit.
Coffee and tea.

Passed either at the table, or in the drawing-room, as preferred.

When champagne is not used, red wine can be substituted. Those who with a greater variety of wine than is given above, can serve Chateau Margaux with the patties and game; or Sauterne with the soup; but it is not usual to serve so great a variety of wine as at a dinner.

Patties, and rissoles, and vol au vents, coming in between the soup and the fish, is a European innovation, and one our American customs, that is growing in favor.

Family luches generally consist of one hot meat with a vegetable, and the cold dishes and the sweets of the previous day. All the dishes are placed on the table, and persons help themselves and others. The servant removes the plates, etc., that have been used for meat, replacing them with clean ones, knives and forks, and then brings in the dessert and all the dishes of the table, it is quite allowable to help one's self at present. In England, the footmen help the first courses at breakfast and at lunch, and then disappear from the room. Side tables are loaded with the more substantial dishes, the accessory plates, etc., and the gentlemen rise to carve, help themselves and others. In America, many families prefer to have their servants remain in the room; or they are summoned by a bell, when needed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Imbecile.

"A very old man, and that feeble he can hardly stand, and yet, mum, he speaks like a gentleman."

Mrs. Lowry looked up from her sewing to hear the servant's description of the beggar at her gate. Something in the words touched her, for she immediately arose from her seat, and said—

"I will speak to him."

He stood in the garden path. An old man, indeed, with snowy white hair, trembling limbs and haggard eyes.

His garments were shabby, but of fine material, and upon one finger was a costly seal ring.

Mrs. Lowry's eyes went quickly from the face of the old man to the ring upon his shaking hand, and her eyes were full of tears as she went forward, saying gently:

"Uncle Paul, do you not know me?"

"No, my dear; for so much as in a low voice," but if you will give me something to eat I'll be thankful."

"Yes, you" she said, eagerly, "come in."

She led him to the dining-room, and had food brought in, which he ate ravenously, like one famished.

"And while she waited on him, and showed him every loving attention, two children, little girls of eight and ten, came in from school, rosy and smiling.

Instantly the old man's face brightened.

"Gertie!" he said, tenderly, "Little Gertie! Will you kiss your Uncle Paul?"

The elder child looked inquiringly at her mother, and, obeying her smile, went at once to the old man, and lifted her rosy face to his own.

"You're been long away, Gertie," he said.

"I've been to school, sir," the little maid answered.

"Yes, yes—"

And, caressing the child's brown curls with trembling fingers, the old man's head fell back upon the cushioned chair in which he was seated, and he slept.

Then, motioning her darlings to keep quiet, Mrs. Lowry wrote and dispatched two notes, one to Dr. Leeholmer, her physician, and one to Mr. Weston, her lawyer.

The doctor answered the call first.

"Very weak—mental aberration from exhaustion; looks like starvation and ill-treatment. Good food, not too strong, but nourishing, a little wine—above all, quiet and good care."

That was the opinion and advice of the medical man.

But the lawyer being admitted to the confidence of the lady, heard the following story—

"You only know me, Mr. Weston, as George Lowry's wife and widow, as heiress to the property he inherited from his grandfather, and left to me. But I want your advice in a serious perplexity, arising out of circumstances connected with my maiden life. I was an orphan at ten years of age, and adopted by my mother's brother, Paul Dudley."

The old lawyer started, looking keenly at the lady.

"When I came to my uncle's house I found there Mrs. Bertram Dudley, the widow of his brother, and Bertram Dudley, her son, and also a little girl, Ethel, by a first wife. They were opposed to my coming, though Bertram being but fifteen, soon became reconciled to a companion. Mrs. Dudley hated me, but having a fortune that uncle Dudley left me from his brother between Bertram and myself, she made up her mind that it must be united again by our marriage. We laughed at her, having a brotherly and sisterly liking for each other, and found that not very ardent. Bertram was a reserved, quiet man, not to my liking; one I suspected of doing mean, underhand actions. So, when Mrs. Dudley found that there was no hope of my marrying her son, she changed her plans, and succeeded so well with the new one, that my lover, George Lowry, was ordered out of the house for a fortune-hunter, and I was forbidden to speak to him. He was a poor man then, but I did not fear poverty. I left my uncle and married George. You know the history of his grandfather's sudden rise to wealth through fortunate speculation; of my husband's inheritance."

"I know all that."

"In all these years," said Mrs. Lowry, earnestly, "nearly twelve long years, I have tried vainly to be reconciled to my uncle. I did not want his money even when we were poor, but I did crave a return of his love. I wrote to him, and my letters were sent back to me unopened, and was refused admission. George then forbade me to expose myself to insult, and I ceased to seek a reconciliation. Then, when I came here, to my husband's newly acquired home and fortune, I heard that my uncle was insane."

"I'm—yes?"

"That his sister-in-law and nephew unwilling to take him from his old home and associations, had a nurse for him in his own house."

"Well?"

"I was a widow then, and I went to see him. I was turned away, with the assurance that my ingratitude and disobedience had been the first shock to his mind."

"Well?"

"To-day my uncle came to my gate, a beggar, asking for food."

"Mrs. Lowry?"

"Afraid to enter my doors, for fear of imprisonment and blows!"

"And went away?"

"No, he is sleeping now in the room beyond this. His mind is feeble, he does not know me, but thought little Gertie was his childniece come back again. But he has been starved, and the doctor told me there were marks of blows upon his shoulders. I have tried to do! If I let his nephew and sister-in law know where he is they will claim him. Can I keep him here?"

"Who is your physician?"

"Dr. Leeholme."

"Send for him."

The doctor having answered the summons, the result of the conference was, that it would be endangering the patient's life to move him, and that the insanity was the result of ill-treatment and low diet, and could be cured.

While the lawyer and doctor were still talking, Mrs. Lowry came to the door of the bed-room adjoining the sitting-room where they were, and motioned them to enter.

Paul Dudley was sitting up in the bed, his eyes glittering with fever, his cheeks crimson with excitement.

"You may beat me, you may starve me," he said, in a shrill, weak voice, "but I will not make a new will. Mr. Gade has the old one—half to Bertram, half to Gertrude: I will not have another—never—Ah!" he cried, as the doctor stepped near the bed, "do not beat me! I am old—I never hurt you!"

"Nor will I hurt you," the doctor said, kindly. "I want you to drink this for me," and he put a glass to the old man's lips.

"An Gertie here! I thought I saw Gertie."

"I am here, uncle," Mrs. Lowry said.

"Yes, dear, but I saw Gertie."

"She will come presently," the doctor said, "if you drink this."

* * * * *

June had long passed away, and the chill winds of the late Autumn were tinging green leaves with crimson and gold, when Mrs. Bertram Dudley and her son were startled by a summons to appear in court and answer to a charge of imprisoning and ill-treating their venerable relative, Paul Dudley.

They had quite comfortably settled it in their own minds that the murderer had committed suicide, or was begging his bread somewhere, too imbecile to make his story good, and they consoled the fact of his escape from even the servants in the house, Mrs. Lowry alone being heavily bribed to keep silent.

It was decidedly uncomfortable to be confronted by two grave lawyers—Mr. Gade and Mr. Weston—with the information that Mr. Paul Dudley, having recovered from a long and severe illness, his mind perfectly restored, was prepared to take steps to remove property taken from him during his temporary insanity, and to demand an account of expenses incurred during the six years of his imprisonment in his own house.

Mother and son, returning home after this interview, faced each other, a deadly pallor on each face.

"What are we to do?" asked Mrs. Dudley.

"Leave the country," was the quick reply. Mr. Gade, after making the certificate of insanity gave me control [illegible] his account, and I have some thousand pounds in hand. Only a small part of the money, but still, it will be enough to cross the water. If uncle is mad we had better go."

And Paul was mad. Tender care, love, and good nursing had not quelled him through his long, dangerous illness that followed his escape from his tormentors, and he was certainly in his right mind when he appeared in court to demand justice.

But his sister-in-law and nephew had left the country, the physicians whose names were on the certificate of lunacy could not be found, and no lawyer dare take it.

There was no one to oppose him when he entered his own house again, leaning upon Gertrude Lowry's arm, followed by Gertie and Lowry.

But when Paul Dudley proposed to make a new will, leaving his property to Gertie, Mrs. Lowery forbade it.

"Good morning, uncle," she said; "but neither to me nor mine must you leave even a penny. My children will have their father's property one day when I die, and shame with it, should I not. Gertie and Lowry shall take the place of your old persecutors, be sure from you what they failed to gain by cruel persecution."

And Mr. Gade approved of Mrs. Lowry's wish.

"Better burn the old will," he said, "and leave your money on a hospital."

"Well, well, wait a little, wait a little!"

But while she waited the angel of death came, and Paul Dudley died in Gertrude's arms, little Gertie sobbing beside him.

The old will was proved, and Bertram Dudley required no further consequences, to send his address to his uncle's lawyer.

And from a remote village in France came, after a year, a letter from a priest.

Mrs. Bertram Dudley had died in the wrote, "in our asylum for idiots. She has passed from the raving insanity that followed her son's death to a melancholy state, as idiotic sparkly. She has been under the charity of our people during the asylum. Mons. Bertram Dudley was killed in a railroad accident."

So the retribution followed the guilty pair over the seas.

Before Gertrude's letter containing money for the unfortunate woman reached its destination death had claimed Mrs. Bertram Dudley also, and she lay beside her son in the little village cemetery.

And Gertrude Lowry, though reluctantly possessing her uncle's wealth, is deeply thankful that the grave and gate crops can be hers, and that his last days were comforted by her love and gratitude.

PERSONAL.

The best of the peach crop is now coming forward.

Madame Janauschek is expected to arrive next week in the steamer Alcaria.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams is reported to possess the very comfortable little fortune of $9,044,543.

The Permanent Exhibition is unquestionably on the road to a wider popularity under the new management.

Mr. Bayard Taylor is going to Newport, and will, it is said, read a paper before the Town and Country Club there.

Anton Rubinstein has been given a title of nobility by the Czar, at the request of the Grand Duchess Catharine of Mecklenburg Strelitz.

Thomas Ball, the sculptor, is at work in Florence, "nearly twenty long years, I have tried vainly to be reconciled to my uncle. I did not want his money even when we were poor, but I did crave a return of his love. I wrote to him, and my letters were sent back to me unopened, and was refused admission. George then forbade me to expose myself to insult, and I ceased to seek a reconciliation. Then, when I came here, to my husband's newly acquired home and fortune, I heard that my uncle was insane."

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"Mrs. Lowry?"

"Afraid to enter my doors, for fear of imprisonment and blows!"

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"Who is your physician?"

"Dr. Leeholme."

"Send for him."

The doctor having answered

TENDERNESS.

Not only every heart to God's good gift
Of charity and tenderness allowed;
We know in many families where we visit
How much it is required.
Find but the smallest matters bitter-sweet,
Love comes again in with redoubled force;
Of cordiality, mixed with forbearing meet,
It pays account like April's breeze and shower,
Which, while it makes the grass grow all the more,
It comes with freshness into the heart
That without it might, on certain days, be sere.
It wings the business with no fierce assault,
But lives, we cry, in many a quiet thought,
And then, in time, when love has ceased to bless,
Our lovely heart cry out for tenderness.

As long for tenderness like that which hung
Around us, lying on our mother's breast;
As endless as the patience of the spring
That yields its sweetness to the sullen earth;
Large, silent, silver silence steeps it best.
A love, to be perfect, must be infinite;
It comes with the clearness of the dying day;
A love like that which kept the darling first
Built to foster and the eyes to life.
Be yours such tenderness in all that we seek,
So patient and so true we grasp—but when it dies,
God grant that some heart's yielding clay
May spring for us beneath life's autumn skies!
God grant some loving one be near to bless
Our weary way with simple tenderness!

A Bride From the Sea.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SIN OF A LIFETIME," "REDEEMED BY LOVE," "DORA THORNE," "WIFE IN NAME ONLY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

The day after that I saw the Captain with a strange look on his face—a look that seemed to indicate that something was wrong. It struck me—I do not know why—that his eyes had a half-distracted, wild expression; his brows were knitted, his lips closed with almost terrible determination, while over all was something of wondering doubt and dread. My first thought was for his wife—she was ill, or something ailed her. I went up to him hastily.

"Good morning, Captain. How is Mrs. Hardress?"

"She is well, I think. I have been on deck all night."

"You have? Is there any danger then?"

"I hope not; but——"

He did not finish his sentence, for two or three of the chief officers came on deck, and they were soon engaged in a very earnest conversation.

There was something wrong, I felt sure, and for a moment my heart almost stood still. But if there was anything to fear, now was the time for courage. Yet what could there be to fear? The silent, sunlit ocean lay calm and serene. There was no cloud in the sky. In the far distance there was a green glimmer of the fertile Islands that abound in that part of the Indian Ocean. The throb of the great engines was as regular as the beat of a human heart—the Water Queen was clearing proudly the clear green waters.

What could be wrong? There was no threatening of storm or tempest; no whirlpool into which the Water-Queen could be drawn down; the laughing white foam had no herald of coming horror. Yet I saw the faces of the ship's officers grow graver and more apprehensive. I saw the chief mate looking out with troubled eyes on the fair flowing sea. Just then we came within sight of a green and fertile island, with tall trees just visible. The chief mate grasped the Captain's arm.

"There," he cried—"there is the proof. That is the island of Santa Anna; we have no business to be near it."

The Captain muttered a low imprecation.

"You are right," he said. "In Heaven's name what shall we do?"

Mr. Vann came up to me at that juncture with a shamefaced smile.

"Good morning, Sir Gordon. By the way, what a dreadful mistake I made the other day! My wife has not forgiven me yet."

My thoughts were so entirely with the group of officers that I wished the stout little gentleman, and his relations-in-law for a mile away; I must have looked vacantly at him, for he continued—

"My wife and the bitter beer—do you not remember? Bessie always likes a glass; but she heard Mrs. Chaplin say it was an unladylike habit, so she never touches it now, unless I can get it for her unbeknown to any one. She was cross that your name should be——"

I saw the faces of the group I was watching grow graver, and, turning impetuously to him, I answered—

"Would you mind if I asked you to talk to me at another time? I am engaged just now."

He bowed and hurried away; and then I saw the chief mate go down to the engine room. I returned to approach the Captain, who stood with folded arms and thoughtful face.

"Good morning, Captain," I said. "You look puzzled. There is nothing wrong, I hope?"

He raised his eyes to my face, and seemed to look beyond me—it was a troubled, far-off gaze.

He turned, laid his hand on my shoulder, and looked straight into my eyes.

"Sir Gordon, I will trust you," he said. "Only Heaven knows how we have gone wrong, but wrong we are. We are out of our reckoning—out of our course."

I did not understand much about nautical matters, but the tone of his voice showed me there was serious danger.

"What do you suppose that it happened?" I asked.

"During the night of the storm," he replied. "It seems a strange thing to say, but we are so much out of our reckoning as to be almost lost."

"But all will come right again," I said; "a skilful seaman like yourself can remedy the evil." He drew nearer to me.

"It is strange how I trust you," he said, "It seems to me, when I look at you, that the picture of the Border Knight has come to life and that I am speaking to him. That evil can be remedied, but the danger that I fear, and feared his voice as he spoke. "Near this Island of Santa Anna is a reef of rocks. They strike out far and wide under the water. Listen, Sir Gordon. They are so sharp and so cruel that a vessel striking on one would be wounded as a living animal is wounded by a sharp knife. Now do you see the danger?"

"Yes, I see," I said. "I see, too, you have clever ship's carpenters who can repair the damage," I said.

"Not if done by the Santa Anna rocks," he replied "if we get safely away from them we may thank Heaven. I for one fear the danger. You must keep my secret, Sir Gordon not a word before the others. It will be time enough for them to know when the worst comes."

"And your wife?" I said. A spasm of pain crossed his face.

"Ah, my wife! She always hated the sea. My poor wife—poor Laurie—if anything happens to the good ship or to me, take care of her, Sir Gordon. Now go; I must attend to my duty. Poor Laurie, I had a foreboding about the sea. Remember, a bright face before the others!"

He went away. Looking on the smiling ocean and the blue radiant sky, I did not and could not believe there was danger. The far-off island of Santa Anna lay green and beautiful under the light of the sun. Danger—what monument! Danger lay in storms and angry waters, danger lay in fire and tempests, not in sunlight and laughing waves. I went amongst my fellow-passengers like one in a dream, the horrible background of danger making their pleasant companionship the pleasantor. Mrs. Chaplin told me, with tears in her eyes, that this was one of her children's birthdays, adding that a strange weight lay at her heart, and her she would give much to kiss the child's face. Major Stanton was busy with his wife and children; Charley Leslie was all devotion to his pretty wife, Mrs. Vann, still basking like a thunder cloud at her husband, talked amiably to me. The morning was fine, we sat on deck, some reading, some working, others watching the children at play—the sun shining over a pleasant picture. Laurie Stuart was by Mrs. Chaplin's side, looking—and seeming eagerly the days that must elapse before we landed, enjoying, too, the far-off prospect of the "great Island in the glittering sea."

"If you could swim across, Sir Gordon, as Leander did the Hellespont, and gather for me one handful of flowers, wet with dew?"

I wished from the depths of my heart that I could. No fairer face smiled on Leander from Grecian shores than that which smiled on me now. Laurie raised her beautiful face to the smiling skies.

"I often wonder," she said, "if flowers——"

She never finished her sentence. Suddenly there was a terrible grating sound, as though the good ship were being dragged over sharp stones—a dull, horrible sound; the vessel lurched heavily to the right, then to the left; more horrible grating followed, the ship trembled, and then it seemed suddenly to right itself and float easily again. The passengers stood like statues, each other with wondering eyes; but I saw the Captain with a white face go below, followed by the mate, and I knew that that which he had dreaded had happened the great ship had struck on one of the sharp-pointed rocks of Santa Anna.

There was no outward sign of anything being wrong. One of the gentlemen said, half laughingly, "A submarine disturbance." One or two ladies looked white at the noise; then, as no one replied, they forgot it. Only Mrs. Chaplin, turning to me, said:

"If I did not know that it was impossible, I should say the ship had struck on a rock. I have heard a sound like that once before, and shall never forget it."

Laurie Stuart turned to me with a look of fear on her lovely young face.

"What a strange noise! How the ship trembles! Is anything wrong, Sir Gordon?"

"They seem to be slackening speed," I said; and she knew so little of nautical matters that that explanation amply satisfied her. Then I began to feel reassured. Surely, if anything had happened, we should have known it before now. All went as usual; the talking and laughing were resumed, the children went on with their play.

Ten minutes afterwards I saw the carpenters and other workmen going down into the hold. In a few more minutes the noise of hammers was heard. The passengers looked at each other. "What was that?" they asked; and the answer was given by a grim-faced sailor—"Repairs in the hold." No one took much notice of it.

All through the sunlit hours of the long day the noise lasted, while a number of sailors were sent to be busy at the pumps.

Night fell, and the noise ceased; the stars came out in the sky; the rippling waters were hushed and still. I saw the Captain with the same white, set face on deck. I had not been able to exchange a word with him since the morning. I went to him now.

"There is a dark look-out for us. You know what has happened, Sir Gordon?"

"The ship struck on one of the rocks," I said.

"I have heard the men at work all day," I said.

"Yes, they have done their best. But I fear what is to come. Sir Gordon, if anything happens, take care of our wife."

"I will, if I am living myself. What do you apprehend, Captain Hardress?"

"I can hardly tell—a wound from the edge of a Santa Anna rock can seldom be healed. We shall see. Heaven is above all. We will do our best. We are on the right course again—that is one comfort."

But in the middle of the night, when darkness lay over the waters, we were roused again by the noise of hammers. "It is very stupid," the sleepy passengers said, "of the captain to allow the men to work at night." Some one answered that the work was important, and then they turned to sleep again. Who suspected danger with the light of the stars shining on a calm sea, and the wind whispering like a summer breeze?

I could not sleep. I went down into the hold. To my dying day I shall never forget the anxious faces of the men, at work almost up to their waists in water which seemed to be ever gaining on them. the dim light of the lanterns, the brief stern commands so instantly obeyed.

Presently a gray-haired man, with a face all scarns and furrows, laid down his tools.

"It is of no use, Captain," he said; "the more we try to keep the leaves the rent seems to grow. No human hand can stop it." And, with looks of despair, the others supported what he had said.

CHAPTER VIII.

Early dawn on the waters. The sun, rising, changed them from dark blue to gleaming gold. There was not a cloud in the sky. The Island of Santa Anna had faded from view, but farther off was the outline of another, high like a gem in the golden ocean. The scene was so peaceful, so beautiful, so sublime, that I forgot the fear and the peril, until I heard the sudden rush of footsteps, followed by a cry. Soon afterwards the Captain, with an anxious look on his face, came on deck—the deck on which lay the slanting sunshine.

"Sir Gordon," he said, "it is all over. The leak cannot be stopped. The good ship must go down."

Down into those silent, golden waters, flushing under the kiss of the sun—down into silence and death. I looked at him.

"It cannot be so bad as that, Captain."

"It is. I am not exaggerating. I see no hope. The hold is several feet deep in water, and the water is slowly, silently gaining on the pumps. I want to say something to you while there is time. Nearly every woman on board the ship has some one to take care of her. In the hour of peril my wife will be alone. You have neither child nor wife—will you take care of Mrs. Hardress?"

"Yes," I replied simply.

"Would to Heaven I had died," he exclaimed, with sudden passion that touched me, "before this happened!"

"You cannot have lost all hope?" I said. "There are the boats, with able sailors to man them."

He held up his hand with a gesture of despair, sublime in its intensity.

"No—I ordered the fact to be concealed, but the long boat and all but one of the others were washed away in that terrible storm. We have but one boat—my wife must be put into it when the worst comes. You will keep your promise?"

"Yes," I answered.

He turned from me with a sorrow in his face I pray heaven I may never see equalled.

"I shall call all hands on deck," he said, "and set extra men to work at the pumps."

I turned from the golden glory of the sky, still at heart with a great, terrible, nameless dread. A few minutes later the deck was crowded with men.

Then I saw what a brave sailor really meant. The captain, who had raised his hand to me in such abandonment of despair, gave his orders now with dignified courage. There was no sign of fear about him. His face flushed, his eyes flashed; he trod with a firm step. One could see that the Creole blood was all on fire. He looked like a man who would stand alone on deck, dauntless and unshrinking, while the ship went down; this man, who rose to a hero's height now, was the same who had struck savagely at his wife. Heaven help me, there will the memory of it fades!—one by one the white faces of terrified women came amongst us. Mrs. Chaplin whispered to me—

"I am not a coward, Sir Gordon—you may tell me the truth. Is there danger?"

"The Captain fears so," was my cautious reply.

Her noble face grew white.

"Oh, my children—my dream!" she cried. "I shall never see them again!"

"There is always hope while there is life," I said; but she clenched her hands tightly.

"There is no hope. I have felt it all along—the ship is doomed! Oh, my children—my dear little children!"

Her voice rose to a wailing moan inexpressibly painful to hear. She went to the side and stood watching the sunlit water.

"The pumps," said Major Stanton, who had discovered our danger, "appear to be of little use; the leak is gaining on us."

His lips quivered as he spoke, though not from fear—I knew that well; but his eyes were on his wife and children. One child was hiding his face on its mother's neck, the other was clinging to her dress. She looked up at me with a smile that went to my heart.

"The little darlings are frightened," she said, "at the unusual noise, so I have kept them with me."

"Take the little ones and get some tea, Edith," the Major said to his wife; and she moved away quietly.

The next person I saw was Charley Leslie, with the light all faded from his face and terror in his bright blue eyes.

"Is it true?" he cried, eagerly. "Oh, Heaven, my poor young wife!"

A white little hand touched mine next, and, looking up, I saw the beautiful, troubled face of the Captain's wife, my darling.

"Sir Gordon," she said, with trembling lips, "I am sure there is something wrong. My husband has been more than thirty hours on deck, and he looks so anxious. What is it?" She must have read the answer in my face, for she cried out suddenly, "Oh, the cruel, treacherous sea! What harm is it going to do us? It does not deceive us with its soft murmurs. Oh, the terrible, awful sea!" She clasped her white hands and looked out over the sunlit waters. "Dear Heaven, what is to be done?" she cried.

Mrs. Hardress, will you listen to me?" I asked. "You would like at some time or other to see home again; you would like to stand under the shade of the green trees, to listen to the sweet chiming of the church bells, to look on the green fields and grassy lanes—you would like to see dear old England once more?"

Her dark eyes looked into mine.

"I should like it above all things."

"Then pay attention to me. There is danger. Your husband has told me about it; he has given you into my care. But I can safely say this—that if you will be brave, with Heaven's help and blessing, I will save you."

"Oh, the cruel, treacherous sea!" moaned the poor child. "Save me from it?" Her innocent hands caught mine and held them; her innocent face, all streaming with tears, was raised to mine. "I am so frightened, Sir Gordon! My husband will forget all about me if his ship is in danger; no one can help it—he will not have time to think of me."

"He has already thought of you," I said.

"She went on in a low, quiet voice—

"I remember once reading a story of the French Revolution. A young girl was going to the guillotine, and in the fatal car sat a young man, a stranger to her. She held out her hands simply enough to have asked him if he would hold her's while she died. Sir Gordon, some short time ago you were a stranger to. I little dreamed it would be my fate to find a grave at sea. Sir Gordon, if—if my husband is too much engaged with his duties, if he has not time to attend to me, may I be near you when I die?

My eyes grew dim as I looked at the beautiful innocent face and child-like quivering lips.

"I have promised to take care of you," I replied, "and I will keep my word."

"I am afraid I shall be a terrible coward," she said. "It would be easier to die when the sea was rough than in this lovely golden calm. Tell me how the mishap has arisen."

I told her the story just as that story had been told to me.

"And when—when will the calamity over take us?" her white lips murmured.

"That I cannot tell—that no one knows. We must hope while we may. Heaven in its mercy may avert the doom of shipwreck."

"It is only my foreboding realized," said the Captain's wife. "Where others have heard music I have heard only a requiem in the waves. It was to be."

Then her fair young face brightened a little as she looked around.

"There are so many men on board," she said, "surely they will devise some means of saving the vessel. Our case must be hopeless. Why, Sir Gordon, no one would think there was anything the matter."

That was true, but for the troubled faces of the officers and the exertions of the men working at the pumps. The beautiful, delicate face was growing pale.

"I am often thought of death," she said quietly—"death that is, as the children say, 'a failing asleep.' I have dreamed of a grave covered with green grass and white daisies, but I cannot think of lying for all time under these restless waves. What would my mother have thought if any one would have told her, when I was a little child, that I should find a grave in the Indian Ocean? Is drowning a very terrible death, Sir Gordon?"

"People say not. They say that after the first struggle there comes to the drowning a delightful dreamy trance in which the whole of their past comes before them. I hope it is true."

"It would make death easier," she sighed. "You promise that you will be near when the waters close over us?"

At that moment Edith Stanton's little girl came running up to us—all the children loved sweet Laurie Stuart.

"Mrs. Hardress, come to mamma," she cried. "Poor mamma is crying, and baby is crying—do come to her."

"I must take my turn at the pumps," I said; "after that I shall be near you."

I watched the fair young girl and the little child as they went together.

"Any news?" I asked, as the second mate hurried by.

"The pumps are of no use," he said. "The water gains on us every hour, no matter how the men work. The Captain talks of speaking to the passengers."

"What is your own opinion?" I asked.

"I have none, sir," said the man. "I can only say, may Heaven have mercy on our souls!" And I knew that he had no hope left.

CHAPTER IX.

The warm, sunny, brilliant day wore away, and no signs of help or hope appeared. The men worked like giants but, labor as they would, the water deepened in the hold. They came away with despondent faces; others took their places. But the water deepened and deepened, until at length it reached the engine room and put out the fires.

We had worked with the energy of despair, but it was all of no avail. I saw death written in the rays of the sun, death in the gleam of the sunny water, death in the depths of the azure sea, death in the golden haze of heat that lay on the ocean—death everywhere.

We were all gathered together in the grand saloon when the Captain came to announce the awful truth. We were prepared with anxious, expectant, agonized faces; we heard the doom be pronounced, some with the courage of hope, some with the calmness of despair. I can see him now, pale and resolute, without a quiver on his face or in his voice, telling us that all that human skill and human power could do had been done, but that it was in vain—that only a few hours lay between us and death. He reminded us that every one had to die, that death came but once, and prayed us to meet it with Christian fortitude. Then he bowed and left us.

What a scene followed! Men gathered wives and children in a passionate embrace, crying aloud to Heaven for mercy; mothers clasped their children with low cries of agony. I saw Helen Leslie fling her arms round her husband's neck, saying—

"I will not believe it, Charley—it cannot be true."

Mrs. Stanton lay with her head on her husband's breast.

Laurie Stuart crept nearer to me, whispering—

"You will not forget your promise, Sir Gordon—you will let me die near you?"

Even in that hour the desolate loneliness of her prayer struck me afresh.

"I will be near you," was all the reply I made.

I can only pray Heaven that I may never witness such a scene again. For nearly an hour it lasted—the cries of the children, the wailing of the women, the outspoken anguish of the men, were all hushed, and, as though moved by one impulse, they knelt down to pray.

"Hush, darlings," said the mothers—"Heaven's merciful arms will open to us!" "Look up, love," said more than one husband to his wife—"we shall enter into eternity together."

"I shall see my children," said Mrs. Chaplin to me, "just as I saw them in my dreams; and dear Laurie Stuart, with an expression of fear in her eyes, clung closely to the brave woman.

I looked around, wondering even then at the fortitude of my countrymen, at the calm courage of those who, if they were about to meet death, were about to enter on more question of earthly matters; each family sat in a little group apart, the Major had a Bible open before him, and he was reading words of consolation. I saw one little child fast asleep in its mother's arms—asleep, with a smile on its lips. Meanwhile the one ship's boat was got ready, and the cry was for the women and children; but, alas, there was but little room! Two of the crew had to go in her to manage her, and there would be room for only eight more. Mrs. Vann was the first who demanded to go in the boat. "I should die of fright if I were to be exposed to sea and drowned like a dog" was unheard of. She demanded the first place in the boat; and, such is the power of determination, she had it.

"You will leave your husband, Mrs. Vann," said some one to her. She looked at the speaker with an air of scorn.

"My husband!" she said, "What is my husband compared to my life?"

She was the first that was placed in the boat, and the second was Mrs. Chaplin; three young ladies followed, then Mrs. Leslie. I shall never forget her look at her husband as he stood on deck.

"Good-bye, my love," she said—"good bye!"

Then there was a cry—"The Captain's wife!"—and Laura Stewart, white as death, and trembling in every limb, turned to me.

"Remember your promise," she said, in a voice of agony. "Do not let me be near you when I died." I bent over her.

"I shall swim after the boat," I replied. "Go; I will be near you."

She went down to the Captain.

"I am—to go, Eric," she said. "Farewell!"

He was absorbed by our imminent peril. Was it the supremacy of love or despair that made him avert his eyes from her upraised face and refuse to kiss her? She turned away with a tearless sob.

"Let some one else take my place in the boat," she said. "I have no wish to be saved."

But no one listened to her; every one loved the Captain's wife; they placed her in the boat, and I saw her drop like one dead at Mrs. Chaplin's feet. The eight boats were full—no room for more, but the other ladies refused to go. I spoke to Mrs. Stanton, but she looked at me with a sad smile.

"I am a soldier's husband and children to die alone, Sir Gordon? What a coward you must think me! I shall take my children in my arms, and my husband will hold us all to his heart; it is that when the cold water comes it will take all away together."

I listened, and left her with tears in my eyes. So the boat was cut adrift, and with many a prayer for its safety it rowed away in the sunlight.

"Will they be saved?" I asked of the first mate, who stood watching it.

"I should say not," he replied, "I am afraid of the rocks and the breakers—there are so many reefs. We can only hope."

After that some of the men made preparations to save themselves. I saw several on a raw, while slowly the water deepened and the vessel sank lower and lower. The afternoon passed and the twilight fell over the sea; the little boat had sailed away out of sight; the crew had left the ship; the terrible struggle between life and death.

I must have fallen insensible from the horror of the scene. I remember a pair of strong arms lifting me, and I heard a voice in my ear saying, "She is settling down, Sir Gordon! Heaven help the men, women and children! I can save you, sir." I remember distinctly, as I floated across the ocean, the cries of agony. I heard the cry of a hundred voices, the death-cry of a hundred souls, and then all was a blank to me.

When I awoke, with the moon shining in my face. I looked around for the Water Queen. The silvery waves were rising and falling, but she was not to be seen. Where was I? Was I on the beautiful ocean alone? No, for a man's hand was under my head, a man's voice sounded in my ears. Looking up I saw the face of the chief mate, Will Atkinson, bending over me.

"That is better, Sir Gordon," he said; "I felt afraid that you were not going to open your eyes again." He poured a drop of brandy between my lips. "I have a bottle of that, thank goodness" he added.

"Where are we, Atkinson?" I asked feebly.

"I hardly know. You see, Sir Gordon, when I had done all I could to save others, I tried to save myself. I made this little raft, and I got a bottle of brandy with a bag of provisions. I offered to take the Captain, but he would not come. I saw him upright and brave, his face raised on deck as the ship went down. He was not a genial man, sir, but a braver man never was drowned. You had always been kind to me, Sir Gordon, so I resolved to rescue you."

Was it a rescue? Heaven only knew. It was night, and we were alone on the great Indian Ocean, under the light of the stars.

"I meant to swim after the boat," I said "I must have fainted."

"No wonder you did, sir. You forget how long you worked, toiling at the pumps, and how you helped to get those unhappy ladies into the boat. We are going in the same direction. The boat is sure to make for one of those islands lying to the west there, and if she escapes the rocks she may reach land."

"And what will become of us, do you think?" I asked.

"One of three things. Either we shall be picked up by a vessel sailing by, or we shall reach one of the islands, or, if there should come a storm, we shall be drowned."

"Let us try to find the boat," I said. "The Captain made me promise to take care of his wife. I keep my word by getting her into the boat. She made me promise to be near her when she died, and I want to keep my word. Let us try to follow the boat."

It was quite willing, and Providence helped us, for a gentle wind sprang up, and the raft, guided by an oar that Atkinson had secured, floated away westward after the boat."

We suffered much through the long night; the moon shone, and a breeze freshened the waves. I dared not think. When I closed my eyes, the fiend that I should see no more came between them; the voices hushed for ever were in my ears. If for one moment I slept, Charley Leslie's disconsolate face, poor Mr. Vann, Major Stanton praying aloud with his wife in his arms, were all before me.

The night was more terrible, but with the day came the best of the sun. How we suffered from the broiling, terrible heat! And there was no shelter, no help—the raft was all we enjoyed. It seemed to me that the men who had gone down in the vessel was better than ours. Those hours of torture seemed endless; but at length—Heaven be praised and thanked!—we saw land, a green island, and then we knew that we were saved.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, August 18, 1877.

The sewing girls of the city have had their vacation to Rockaway Beach, and for a few short hours have exchanged the weary monotony of seam, gusset and band for Old Ocean's sparkling waves and the hollow sounding murmurs—that Sahara of burning brick and stone, a great city in summer, for the sea, the open sea, the blue, the boundless, the free. The new steamboat Columbia was placed at their disposal, and more than two thousand enjoyed the unwonted diversion. Their appearance was attractive in its simplicity; muslin or calico dresses, tied with some vivid color, a bow of ribbon or a feather in a bonnet contrast to their more fortunate sisters of the world of wealth and fashion, clad in silk attire and bedecked with jewelry, there could be no more pleasing picture of beauty unadorned, that masterpiece of Nature's handiwork. The inevitable German band, with their popular selections, were there to enliven such overworked womankind; and what music, all whose imperfections are so modified by the waters, is how much sweeter to the ear. There were many voices, of various tones and of much sweetness, and I heard it be said that sweet is the voice of girls. Altogether, a scene was presented that would have melted quite the heart of any authority. At the bows and stern of the boat were tossed and rolled in the bounding surf, and such a picture of so many women in the sea attracted gazers from every part. Rolling pins are the outward show, it would not be amiss to relate the comforts provided for the inner man. The irrepressible, but succulent chowder was served in deep bowls, hollow plates of great capacity, and bread was furnished ad libitum. Then, such cheerful tipples as the sober berry's drawing-room would blanche by the barrel, to say nothing of mild Bohea.

This city pays a good deal under the burden of enormous taxation and a huge mountain of debt fast increasing. Thanks to the supineness of its citizens and the knavish proclivities of politicians, things are ever in the public pot. During the first seven months of this year it has increased, exclusive of the sinking fund, from $107,347 to $109,981,180, $60, which gives $175 per capita, if so allotted. Such figures are grim and appalling for the future, and many prophesy that the bankruptcy of such is the organized robbery perpetrated under the name of municipal government.

The methods which the fertile brains of the car conductors have intended to beat the famous bell punch are too numerous to mention. Confederates exist among them for the purpose of exchanging information, and those of skill acquire such keen facilities of inspection that they can tell at a glance spotters, and cousters. The former, watch the conductor with the eye of a lynx to see that the ticket is punched, and the latter to see that the fare is collected. The latter count the number of passengers, which count is compared with the record. Signs, nods, winks convey the intelligence of the detected presence. The private detectives of the Bell Punch Company are those chiefly employed, and their watch is also kept on the officers of the company. If two conductors should pass on the road and one should wipe off his punch in a careless manner, and point down the street in an indifferent way, the other may be assured that the Superintendent has gone down town. Instances of fidelity and respectability, fallen from a better estate, are compelled to take to this arduous calling. Here then is a stumbling block for the conductor to trip on. It is imperative that returns of his car shall not exceed those of others. This encumbrance must be bought at the error of his ways. The old way of many of the new conductor hangs behind and picks up all the passengers possible. He enters the front door of the car who is one of the confederation, pays as little attention as possible to passengers who are in turn picked up by a car that follows quickly in the rear.

When the new conductors appear before their Cerberus, the receiver, the amount which he hands in is so much below the average that suspicion of his honesty is excited, and where honesty does not pay, the road to dishonesty is easy. A mixture of entreaties and threats will soon convince him of the necessity of the conspiracy. Much shrewdness is necessary in these crooked practices. The Bell Punch Company, the bell rings, the indicator scores one, and a small bit of pasteboard drops into a receptacle. The passenger sees the punch, and the conductor. As he finds money over he makes a note of it, hands it to the receiver, and gets a reputation for honesty which he may have neglected to earn before. Through the same hole, or outside of the cards. In either case a 'spotter,' or the indicator may expose him, and so the capital for honesty is lost by stumbling in the money. The bell punch has 160 000 different combinations, and is the only device by which no conductor has the same instrument more than a few hours; so it is very difficult to tamper with it. The best way to ride in the street car is to put no punch at all. The average steal is about 75 cents a day, which is daily divided with the driver.

Some genius had devoted all the efforts of his active mind to discovering some method for beating that same bell punch, and he has at last done it. He has secretly sold the information to peculating conductors for the consideration of 25 weekly, and after much labor and trouble has succeeded in the use of a machine which, by the application of a little extra charm, for the combination was discovered, and so was he soon afterwards. One of the conductors who had purchased the information from the inventor, the easiest way to make money was by selling it to the next. Accordingly he sold it to a number, and he had his contemplated profits and a summary ending to durance vile.

Though great anticipations are made of the fall campaign in the fashionable theatrical world, that nether world which abides in Baxter street and such like localities has given some promise of fun to its humble temple, devoted to melodrama, tragedy, comedy and farce, where the heroes of sock and buskin strut before the admiring gaze of the bootblacks, street sweepers, rag pickers &c. who make the lower stratum, and are quite as appreciative and enthusiastic as their betters in the upper tier. The Grand Duke Opera House is the name, and the grand entrance is through a beer saloon whose sign is the Grand Duke's head. The interior is a la Theatre Comique, with private boxes in full blaze, the orchestra of concertinas and brilliant cymbals begin their dolent overture. The callow Italian who plays the cymbals in a manner impressively funny, appears upon the stage to set the audience in a roar, all the dirt and squalor that forgotten in the general gentility and opulency of the scene. A great deal of new scenery has lately been added, by one of the packing-box artists, who has evidently a taste for the brush. A packet scene, a packet with a boat hanging astern (quite a work of art), and a rustic bridge thrown in, which I presume will calculated to put the minds of the audience in a proper state for the reception of great tragedy. The creature comforts at moderate prices near to the favored beverage and schooners of most capacious kind are sold for five cents, beef, lamb and fish at five cents a plate. The stock company of actors is composed of males exclusively, for women being admitted to this illustrious circle, whether from contempt of female talent, or suspicion of its virtue, is not definitely known. Altogether this exhibition would almost remind one of those ancient days when the devotees of Thespis went about performing in a cart, or later when the stage was covered with rushes, in lieu of the brilliant carpet of the present day, and the audience often waited impatiently for the appearance of the beautiful queen in a tragedy, while she was being properly shaved for the occasion.

VIDI.

TOPICS TALKED ABOUT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Mr. Alma Tadema has just completed a picture which is one of his boldest, and, taking it altogether one of his most successful and honorable efforts in art. It represents a completely nude, life-size, figure of a female model, standing nearly erect, in front of a low platform before the eye of the spectator. Her face appears behind the principal subject of the picture, and is to the act of displaying her form. Her figure is half hidden by the pedestal on which the model is placed, and his expression is that of intense delight. Both arms of the statuesque woman are raised, one of them is above her head, holding a broad purple fillet which binds her abundant dark brown hair, the other arm is partly concealed by a long drab branch of palm, the foliage of which spreads in finely designed lines near the model. Behind the nude figure, which is pretty even between full face and profile, Fromentin's blond, and many of the like. Nevertheless M. Fromentin gave heat to the sixteenth century and finds in it a subject for a picture, so as to include the beautiful. In De Passeri's following fashionable visits commenced. The queen bees, arrayed, dandified, and lorgnette, the drones, buzzing, humming, and lounging, the blossoms, sick Spaniard, subject to chronic rheumatism, rat-color, springing grass, pay green, bronze-green, olive, olive, dying Zambra, Byron-green, Nile-green, sea-green, Victoria-green, forest-green, bronze-green, apo's gris, retained prodigal and dazzling sway.

The President and Mrs. Hayes have been invited to a hospitality hitherto never extended to a President, and never to any woman in the United States, and that is to visit the Queen of England. Society, has invited them to visit the monastery during their proposed visit to London life. By the rules no ladies are allowed to enter, however, the Queen of the walls of their monasteries unless she be herself a lady, and of an empire. Mrs. Hayes is the first who should Mrs. Hayes through the invitation, it is said that she will be the first American woman who has ever been admitted to the sacred precincts of the monastery at Gethsemane. In one of the rare Travels contained in this country, the author of which is Mr. Fenimore Cooper, he describes the visit he made to the monks from the convent of Gethsemane. Mrs. Fraser, the author of the present work, is accompanied by a gardien of rare flowers, and entitled to the privilege of the entry of the monastery. The Queen has invited them to visit the monastery during their proposed visit to London life. By the rules no ladies are allowed to enter, however, the Queen of the walls of their monasteries unless she be herself a lady, and of an empire.

THE CHARM OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

"An angel in the house?" Ah, yes!
[illegible]
A woman, formed to soothe and bless,
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
One who can lend new charms to Life,
And make man [illegible].

Oh, 'tis a pleasant thing to see
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

One who can see her husband's cares
[illegible]
And, when misfortune intervenes,
[illegible]
Who smoothes the wrinkles from his brow
[illegible]
And cheers him—faithful to her vow—
With hopeful tenderness—

One who, when sorrow comes can feel
With woman's tenderness of heart,
And yet can suffer with quiet zeal
To ease another's smart—
One who, when Fortune's sun grows bright,
And flings the clouds of care aside,
Can look with pleasure in its light,
Yet feel no foolish pride—

One who can check with velvet-like power
Wild thoughts that spring to dangerous birth,
And wake pure feelings, as the shower
Of Spring awakes the earth—
Bring forth the latent virtues shrined
Within the compass of the breast,
And to the weak and tortured mind
Bring comfort and rest.

Good neighbor, not to envy prone,
True with in luxury or need,
Good mother, not unwisely shown,
Blameless in thoughts and deed—
Whoever claims so rare a wife
Then should his earnest words be given—
"She is the angel of my life
And makes my home a Heaven!"

For Love's Sake Only.

By the Author of "The Own Fault," "How Nellie Lost Her Quinn," "Katherine's Moods," &c. &c.

[This story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. 56. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XIII.

Hugh Carlisle does not come back till eight o'clock the morning after the murder of Saxon Lynn. Rosamond is up and waiting breakfast for him. She has not slept much during the remainder of the night, but after the first shock she has not felt so much an account of poor Saxon Lynn's death as because Gyde Despard had bidden her good-bye. She has lain awake in the dark dawn, and has said to herself, "Now he is going," and again, "Now he is gone." She has felt after that that every minute put a wider space between them—a space that might never be lessened again. Doom might have parted them on the previous night forever.

She looks haggard and pale when Hugh comes into the room, himself looking thoroughly "done up." She makes him take some hot coffee before she asks any questions. He stands on the hearth with the cup in his hand. It is yet scarcely daylight, and the light of the fire dances on the kitchen table, on the tiled floor, on the low ceiling, and on Hugh's drooping head. It also gleams warmly on Rosamond's scarlet dressing-gown, though the cold blue of the daylight, coming in through the window, lights up half the figure as she stands beyond the table with the coffee-pot in her hand.

"I suppose nothing more has been discovered?" she asks, when Hugh grows less ghastly from the combined influences of hot coffee and the blazing wood fire.

"Nothing more," he tells her, gravely.

"Hugh, tell me how it happened," she says. "I have heard nothing since."

"There is so little to tell. Saxon left the smoking-room about twelve o'clock, saying that he had some letters to write. He went to the study—you know, the room looking into the little laurel shrubbery—and the next thing they heard were two pistol shots coming from that direction. Of course, they all ran in, there were Freer and three or four others still up in the smoking-room. They found him lying on the floor quite dead; he had been shot in the shoulder and breast. Death must have been instantaneous."

"Unfortunate boy! Whom do they suspect? Or do they suspect any one? He did not—I suppose they do not think——"

"That he destroyed himself? At first they thought it was so; it looked like it—terribly like it. The revolver lay close to his hand; the window of his room was fastened on the inside—it shuts with some kind of spring. But on examination there were footsteps tracked in the snow outside the window, down through the shrubbery to the little bridge. There they were lost in the fern and long grass. But there were two tracks quite distinct—one to the window, the other away from it. No doubt the murderer, whoever he was, entered through the window, and made his escape that way the instant the shots were fired."

"But what motive could any one have for shooting him?" Rosamond asks, with a piteous face.

"That cannot be determined. He was not a bad landlord, though that old Jayne has done his best to make him unpopular by his severity with the tenants and the poor in the village; they, of course, think he would not be so hard and grasping without authority. But otherwise no one knows of his having had an enemy."

"Hugh, you do not think he could have done it himself?"

"No; I do not. Of course, it may never be satisfactorily proved that he did not; but to my mind it is quite plain that it was done by the person whose footprints were in the snow outside the window."

"But would a murderer leave his pistol behind him to be perhaps identified by it?"

"That is another puzzle. No one knows whether the revolver is one of Saxon's own or not. It has the initial 'L' upon it, and the mailed hand engraved on the lock. But Forbes—he is the hunting groom, and professes to know every gun and pistol in the place, swears that he never saw this one before."

"That is strange, Hugh, is it not?" asks Rosamond.

"It does appear strange," replies Hugh. "Nobody can account for it."

"But what do they say?" she inquires. "They must make some guesses."

"Well, there is an escritoire in the room. You know the escritoire of black oak in the corner near the fire-place? I am sure you have been in the study, Rosamond."

"Oh, yes; it was our dressing room on the night that we played the 'Lady of Lyons,'" Rosamond answers, with a strange pang, when she remembers how curiously gay the poor murdered boy was on that night, not ten days past yet.

"Well, it was discovered open, and there was [illegible] letters and papers scattered about. It [illegible] that poor Lynn may have kept the revolver locked up in a drawer, and so Forbes may have never seen it."

"It has Saxon's initials on it, you say?" inquires Rosamond.

"No, the letter 'L' only," replies her brother.

"Was Saxon a good shot, Hugh?" Rosamond asks, with a kind of vague curiosity.

"Not particularly. I have never seen him [illegible]. It was a first-class one, and [illegible] a nicer weapon [illegible] with [illegible] in a [illegible]. The shots must have been fired quite close to the poor fellow, for his coat is singed. He had on the black velvet coat he always wore in the smoking-room."

"Does not that look as if he might have fired the shot himself?" inquires Rosamond.

"You lean to that idea, Rosamond?" Hugh says, looking at her.

"From what I have heard, it is the idea that seems most obvious," she tells him, "except for the footprints in the snow."

"Yes," he replies, "and that one exception is enough for me."

"What do they all think at Lynn Royal?" she asks.

"They think he was shot by some enemy," he continued, "but who the enemy is they cannot imagine any more than you or I."

"You saw him, of course?" she continues, half reluctantly, after a long pause.

"I did," Hugh answered gravely.

"How did he look?" she inquires.

"Quite calm and peaceful," he replies. "Death from a gun-shot wound always gives that expression to the face."

"I suppose you did not see his mother?" she asks.

"No," he says, "but I saw his sisters. They are in a terrible state of grief. Lady Katherine has fallen from one hysterical fit into another ever since it happened. Miss Lynn is calm enough, but she looks worse than any."

"It is an awful—awful blow to them all," she says, slowly.

"Awful indeed," he repeats. "Every one is to leave the house to-day, except the Freers. There will be an inquest this evening."

"Must there be an inquest?" she inquires.

"Certainly there must," he replies, "but I do not think it will bring anything new to light."

"Was it a usual thing with him to write letters at that hour of the night?" Rosamond inquires, with a woman's keenness.

"I believe not. They seemed rather surprised at his doing it. They even tried to make him wait till morning, laughingly wondering at his new attention to business; but he was determined to go."

"How long was he away before they heard the shots?" she asks.

"About half an hour they think, more or less," he replies.

"What an awful shock it must have been to them when they ran in to find him dead!" she exclaims.

"Awful—too awful to realize," he responds.

Rosamond turns to the window. The sun, throwing long level rays against the house, glitters among the trunks of the elms. The snow is thawing, and falling in masses from the overhanging eaves. There are footprints on the outside, too—footprints which Rosamond does not want her brother to see. They will be obliterated if the sun shines down like that much longer. There is almost a breath of Spring in the air; a robin sits on a twig of rosemary near the window, pouring out a little gay song. Rosamond feels the hopefulness of the coming Spring in her heart and with it a tender regret for the poor dead boy who has been so violently robbed of a life that had so much to enjoy in it—youth, friends, riches—all that makes life dear. It was a cruel deed to send a bullet into a strong, young heart full of hope and health and the unwasted energy of two-and-twenty years.

Hugh breakfasts in silence. Rosamond cannot eat.

"Are you going back to Lynn Royal?" she asks him.

"I am," he replies. "I promised to go down."

"I suppose the Lynns will remain there?" she says.

"Till after the funeral—yes," he answers.

"I wonder who is the next of kin?" she says. "Do you know, Hugh?"

"Of course," he answers—"Gyde Despard."

"Gyde Despard?" she echoes, in consternation.

"Yes," he says. "Did you not know? Why, everybody knew he was the next heir. But then it seemed so improbable that Saxon would not live to marry and have children that his chance never seemed worth a straw."

"And Gyde Despard is the owner of Lynn Royal?"

She repeats the sentence to convince herself. The announcement has taken away her breath. Her first idea is, "Then he need not go away."

"It will be a strange thing for him," Hugh says, with a half smile—"one day absolutely houseless, the next the owner of twelve thousand a year and Lynn Royal. It is quite sensational."

Rosamond scarcely hears him. She is thinking how soon the news of his good fortune will reach him—how soon he will be back. It is all unreal and strange to her, the past night and its horrors, this morning and its hope, which will not be subdued. She blames herself for being glad about what is such a terrible calamity to others; but how can she help herself? Gyde Despard has come to be the world to her, and how can she think of anything but as it bears upon him? He was poor, badly treated, exiled—can she be sorry that he is now rich, that he can tread his enemies underfoot that he need not go away?

Is she glad that she did not give him up for "lack of gold?" Is she glad that she vowed to be true to him, while he was yet a beggar on the face of the earth? She is glad—glad and sorry both. Will this great success of fortune change him? Would he still woo her to be his if she had not already given him her heart and troth? The doubt stings her more sharply than anything has ever stung her yet. It must make some difference in him, to be master of Lynn Royal and twelve thousand a year. He will be courted now; every young beauty in the land will be trying for him. He could have the fairest for the asking.

The moment Hugh leaves the Parsonage, Rosamond runs up to her room. For what? To look at the reflection of her face in the glass.

CHAPTER XIV.

The inquest takes place at three o'clock in the afternoon. There is nothing new elicited, as Hugh predicted. No further trace of the perpetrator of the crime has been discovered, no new light is thrown upon the awful occurrence by the inquiries of the police, by the examination of witnesses by the coroner, or by the deliberation of the jury. A verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown is given, and the crowd who have gathered about the place disperse slowly, talking together in confidential asides.

There is, nevertheless, a diversity of opinions rife as to the deed and its perpetrator. Every one is sorry for the boy cut off with such terrible suddenness, but there are few beyond his own family who feel any great sorrow for his loss. Every one in the county, however, is interested and excited about the occurrence; it was such a daring outrage to shoot a man in his own house, and then to escape clear and clean out of the reach of the law. Before night the news has spread like wild-fire over the county, and much sympathy is felt for the family of the murdered boy, and many and various are the suppositions with regard to the "person or persons unknown."

One or two circumstances are a great puzzle to the community at large, as they were to the jury in particular. One is the initial and crest on the revolver, the other the circumstance of the deceased going to write business letters at an unusual time of night. Mr. Jayne who was at home in his own house on the evening of the occurrence, when examined, said that he knew of no letters requiring immediate answers on any subject whatever connected with the business of the estate. If there had been any such he certainly would have known of them, and in all probability been disposed to instruct them also. All business matters had, of course, passed through his hands as the agent and legal adviser to the late Mr. Lynn. He believed that he knew far more of such matters than the owner of the estate himself—indeed, he was very sure of it. When asked if Mr. Lynn had any debts or monetary transactions, he said he believed not. He had paid off a good many college and other debts when he came of age, and he was not one to trouble himself about any such, having money enough to render the paying of them a matter of very little consequence.

All this only tends to make the impression of mystery deeper. Saxon Lynn had distinctly announced, in the presence of all the men assembled in the smoking room, that he had business letters to write, yet no letters on business or any other subject had been found in his room. The papers found in the drawer of the escritoire were legal documents, of the existence of which Mr. Jayne had always known, and also of their being kept in that particular drawer. They were merely copies of the Registry of Lady Katherine's marriage to Saxon Lynn's father, also of the birth of the last-named, and of his sisters. They had been copied for some purpose at their father's death, and had lain, with one or two other papers of no consequence, in the escritoire ever since. What Saxon Lynn could possibly have unlocked the drawer for was the mystery, unless to take from it the instrument which had taken his life. Nobody, at all events, had ever seen the revolver before.

One other circumstance had puzzled the jury considerably. A thaw had come on in the morning, obliterating all trace of the footprints in the snow outside the study-window. But Sir George Freer and others had taken the precaution to measure them accurately, both length and breadth. It was a small foot, in a slight boot—certainly not the foot of a peasant or even of a rather higher grade. It was a gentleman's boot—that was undeniable. And it had struck Sir George Freer that it bore a strange resemblance to Saxon Lynn's own footprints, though he had kept that surmise to himself till the inquest was over. And with this idea in his head he had traced the footprints down to the tangled wilderness, where they were lost in the snowy drifts and bracken. Looking at them with the sharpness of an eye practiced in such tracking by years of Canadian life, he had succeeded in demonstrating that the footsteps might just as easily have been those of a man coming from the window and returning, as a man going to the window and then going back again. In fact, he rather inclined to think that the return traces to the house were the more distinct. But as the footprints did not in any part of the way overlie each other, it was not so easy to decide this point. Sir George Freer, certain in his own mind that the act had not been perpetrated by Lynn's own hand, had hesitated to make these discoveries known, dreading the effect they would have upon the jury. But what puzzled him was the strange resemblance to the footprint of his brother-in-law, as he had often seen it of late in their shooting expeditions through the snowy fields.

Another fact which was not more easily accounted for, was that Saxon Lynn had appeared out of spirits for a day or two previously to the catastrophe. No one could account for this, he being of a careless, noisy temperament, not easily influenced by extraneous circumstances. That he was very much attached to Miss Carlisle every one knew, but they also knew that he had parted with her on good, if not on very satisfactory, terms. That she had not refused him was pretty well known also. More than one person present on the night of the dance at Lynn Royal had perceived his jealousy of her, but it was not of such a serious nature as ever to cause Lady Katherine any uneasiness. Saxon Lynn was the last man in the world to destroy himself for any romantic jealousy of a girl who had never professed to care about him.

Notwithstanding this, more than one voice was loud in its assertion of his having been "out of sorts" for the last day or two, though all were dumb when a reason for his being so was demanded. They could not say what had ailed him. No one had quarrelled with him—no one had come or gone to or from Lynn Royal who could have annoyed him in any way—he had not received any news disagreeable or otherwise, so far as any of them knew. They could not say whether he had received letters—he often got letters, and nobody inquired their contents unless he chose to impart them. They were usually letters about horses, or dogs, or invitations to shooting and hunting-parties, or curt notes from college friends—nothing of any especial interest. So what had made him sad—unless it was some mystic warning of approaching death—they could not guess, rack their brains as they might.

A great many people, notwithstanding Sir George Freer's carefulness and the verdict of the jury, inclined to the idea that the boy had laid violent hands on himself—probably in a fit of temporary insanity. There had never been insanity in the family, certainly, but the Lynns were all hot-tempered and hasty, and given to paroxysms of rage not very unlike that terrible malady. It was supposed that in some such fit of violence poor Saxon Lynn had destroyed himself.

This rumor did not reach his mother's ears, fortunately, but others of his relatives heard it, and it was very bitter to them. But it was hushed up as much as possible by the friends of the family.

* * * * * * *

Gyde Despard is sent for to London; his whereabouts are not easily discovered, but the messenger finds him at last just going on board the Phœbus, outward bound to New Zealand. He hears the intelligence of his cousin's death with serious calmness, and follows the messenger back to Lynn Royal with a leisureness which surprises many. He arrives in the village only the day before the funeral, and puts up in his old quarters at the Rookery Farm—his now, whether they will or no. Perhaps there is a certain bitter triumph in the thought.

The funeral takes place on the Monday following the poor lad's death. Sir George Freer and Despard are chief mourners, and walk immediately after the hearse.

Hugh, in his surplice, with uncovered head, precedes it. After the chief mourners follow an enormous band of tenantry, all wearing white scarfs and hatbands. This has an imposing effect.

The distance from Lynn Royal to the Church-yard is not long, but the procession goes very slowly. The road is lined with the villagers, most of whom fall into the ranks and follow as far as the churchyard.

Rosamond, looking at the procession from behind drawn-down blinds, thinks sadly of Hugh's words, spoken not two months before in that very church-yard—"It may be as long again before the Lynn vault is opened."

It gives her a strange, new feeling of the uncertainty of human life. And, as she sees Hugh standing among the crowd, conspicuous in his white surplice, and knows the solemn words he is repeating, a passion of tears rains from her eyes, and she drops the blind to fall on her knees and say "Amen" to each of the utterances she can almost fancy she hears.

She remembers the lad's ready slavery to her, his devotion, his willingness to go and come at her beck and call, his taking her coolness so well—he who was accustomed to be spoilt on every hand all his life. And she cares for him in death as she never would have cared for him in life, with the strange, vague pitifulness we accord to those who can offend no more.

So they lay Saxon Lynn to rest in the grave where so many of his race have mouldered into dust before him. His battle is fought, his day is over, his sun has gone down while it is yet day. Of all his wealth, he can take nothing with him into that country whither he is gone. They have put him in a lead coffin, incased in another of mahogany, with silver cherubic handles, and a breastplate with the short legend, "Saxon Lynn; aged 22," engraved upon it; but that is all they can do for him now and for ever. And the coffin is covered thickly with violets, a great cross of white violets lying over the breast, and a heap of purple ones on the feet. So they leave him.

Rosamond has recognized one other figure in the crowd—a tall figure in sombre raiment, with a black hatband and scarf, and distinguished from the others by superior height and the stern gravity of his face, where grief can scarcely be traced, though there is no trace of either triumph or satisfaction. He is the cynosure of all eyes, and he bears their scrutiny with the carelessness born of utter indifference. He has always had his friends and partisans in the neighbors, but he has never cared to encourage their sympathy. He was a stranger in the place, comparatively, and a stranger he had chosen to remain. Many are ready to press forward now, with unseemly welcome, and to cry, "Le roi est mort, vive le roi!" But Gyde Despard will have none of them or their congratulations.

With rather wistful eyes he glances once or twice at the parsonage, but for the most part his countenance is downbent and inscrutable. He listens to the solemn service gravely, and when it is over leaves the place at once with Sir George Freer.

Many a one remembers him afterward as he appeared on this day, and many and various are the constructions put upon his few gravely spoken words and the stern impassiveness of his manner. But Mr. Jayne, following him slowly down the churchyard path, is not watching him. He is musing deeply, with his eyes on the ground and a sinister smile on his thin lips—musing over a scheme which will prevent Gyde Despard from ever being a successful rival to Heber Jayne.

CHAPTER XV.

Lady Katherine Lynn is dangerously ill for some time after her son's death, so ill that she cannot leave Lynn Royal—indeed, for some days the doctors fear for her life. The shock has been almost too much for her, being a woman of weak nerves and no determination. But she gets better, contrary to expectation, though her recovery is slow and tedious. She suffers from a kind of prostration, which is very trying to her friends as well as to herself.

Sir George and Lady Freer remain at Lynn with Miss Lynn, who is in almost constant attendance on her mother. Gyde Despard has left the whole place in their hands for the period of their stay, which he also leaves quite optional. He is in no hurry, apparently, to enter on the possession of his own.

He does not take up his residence at once at Lynn Royal. He prefers to remain at the Rookery farm while the Lynns are there. But he goes up very often to inquire for his aunt, and to see that they have everything just as they had it when Lynn Royal was their own. No one would guess that the grave, quiet-looking man walking through the woods in shooting coat and gaiters, with a gun in his hands, perhaps, but always with a wiry, little yellow terrier at his heels, is the owner of all the country round about him.

Lady Katherine sends for Mr. Carlisle at all times and seasons. She is never happy when he is not with her. She leans upon him with an almost childish helplessness, and he talks to her and has an infinite patience with her whims and fanciful notions. He spends more of the day in administering consolation or reproof to her than he quite approves of himself; but he can scarcely refuse to go to her, when he knows how restless and frightened she becomes in his absence. As she mends, however, he grows more and more cadaverous looking, till his sister is quite startled by his pallor and want of appetite. But he vouchsafes no reason for this change in his appearance, nor does Rosamond venture to demand one.

Mrs. Lynn sometimes sees him when he visits her mother, but more often she leaves them alone together. What are her plans and Lady Katharine's, Rosamond does not know. Miss Lynn speaks of living abroad—at Florence or Pau—and that will probably be their plan, at least for nearly a year or two. Frances Lynn has been left a large fortune by her father's will, and is more than independent—is, in fact, extremely rich.

By degrees the horror and grief of poor Saxon's death wear away, and before Katharine is sufficiently recovered to leave Lynn Royal, the friends of the family have begun to come and go as usual, and Rosamond spends a good deal of her time with Frances Lynn.

These two are greater friends than ever now. Some softening influence has been at work on both, and Frances is less sharp, Rosamond less audaciously independent, than they used to be. Some occult impulse draws them to each other—some undefined sympathy. Each thinks she is in possession of the other's secret, and yet they exchange no confidences.

Rosamond has studiously avoided Gyde Despard since his cousin's death. She does not continue her gardening operations—she does not go out to practice in the church. She specially avoids the short cut up from the village. She has sometimes come across him on the road or at Lynn Royal, but always when Hugh or Miss Lynn was with her. She has never been alone with him since the night of Saxon Lynn's murder, when he came to keep watch over the Parsonage, and they exchanged a few words through the kitchen window.

Gyde Despard chafes inwardly at her demeanor to him during these weeks; but, confident in the success of his suit, he bides his time patiently, as he has bided it before, perhaps not so patiently. To see her is a bliss to him, even if she is inscrutable, unapproachable, provokingly nonchalant. She meets and parries the passionate looks, the long hand-clasps, the reproachful glances, with infinite address. She may find her heart beating tumultuously when he meets her and her companion on terrace or in woodland ramble, but she gave no sign of such emotion. She may count the day dreary when she does not see him, but he can only guess the fact by analogy. Yet are they both intensely happy during these February days, for they know, even if they sometimes choose to lacerate their hearts by doubt, that they belong to each other—that they can never forget.

Frances Lynn, being usually the third party in these encounters, is not blind. She knows what is going on perfectly well. But she asks no questions of her friend; she, too, is wrapped up in a dream of her own—one that is not so pleasant in the dreaming.

The weather is Spring-like in its mildness. There is a breath of primroses in the air already, a fragrance of larch-buds and newly-plowed land. In the woods the fresh emerald mosses are green about the roots of the trees; the dog-violets send out their great heart-shaped leaves, the ferns uncrumple themselves all along the paths.

Lynn Royal looks well in the Spring, as indeed it looks at all seasons. One mild, bright day, toward the end of February, Rosamond goes up there with Hugh at about three o'clock in the afternoon. It is a very usual proceeding, but on this day there is something unusual in Mr. Carlisle's face; his sister, walking beside him, cannot help observing it.

"Dear Hugh," she ventures, her hand stealing under his arm, "are you well? You do not look like yourself."

"I am quite well," he answers, quickly. "What put such an idea into your head?"

"It has been in my head ever since I came down to Lynn," she says. "Hugh, this place does not agree with you, or else you are working too hard; you look wretched."

"I don't think this place does agree with me," he admits, with a certain bitterness. "And, now that you have brought up the subject, I may as well tell you my plans. I am going to leave Lynn."

Rosamond stared at him vaguely.

"How soon?" she asks.

"As soon as possible. The fact is I am dying by inches here; I ought to have left it long ago."

"But are you really ill, Hugh?" she exclaims, very much alarmed. "Oh, why didn't you say so before? I am sure this is an unhealthy place—there is so much wood and water about it. And you went through such hardships in that wretched Parsonage before I came. How could you do it?"

He looks down on her anxious face and smiles.

"Dear Rosamond, don't be alarmed; there is nothing the matter with me that change of scene will not cure—at least I hope so. But one thing is certain—I cannot stay here."

"Of course you cannot; you ought not to have stayed so long, I am sure. You look like a ghost, and you eat nothing, and you do not sleep—for I hear you up in your room till all hours."

"Don't be uneasy; all that need not trouble you. I shall be all right when I am out of this," he answers, gazing straight at Lynn Royal.

They are coming out of the woodland, leaving the shadows behind them, and before them lies the fair picture of the grand old house, all its gray oriels and long terraces and velvet lawns thrown out with photographic clearness by the sunshine and the clear, still atmosphere.

"Where do you think of going, Hugh?" Rosamond inquires, when they have walked some little way in silence.

"To Prince Rupert's Land," he answers quietly.

Rosamond begins to cry.

"Don't be so silly, Rosamond," he says taking her hand affectionately. "You know I always wanted to go out as a missionary. And I must have a complete change, or I am done for."

"But such a horrid, perishingly cold place!" she sobs.

"That is just what I like," he says—"I don't mind the cold."

"But you are not strong enough to bear it," she adds.

"Oh, I am strong enough!" he says. "There is no fear of that."

"But if you are not ill, dear Hugh, why do you want to go away?" she inquires.

"I have told you the reason," he says—"because I cannot stay here."

"But why cannot you stay here?" she persists.

He does not answer immediately. Down the terrace a figure is coming to meet them—a figure in deep mourning dress, with the sun shining on her braids of dark hair, on the black beads around her throat, on her clear, pale cheeks, and on the gold collar of the little King Charles she carries in her arms.

"There is my reason for leaving Lynn," Hugh says, quietly, a flush rising to his forehead.

Rosamond glances at him—the revelation does not take her utterly by surprise.

"But, Hugh, if she——"

"Hush, hush," he interrupts, hurriedly. "You do not know—you cannot guess."

Frances Lynn meets them, greets them in her usual manner, and turns back with them to the house.

"My mother has been asking for you so often," she observes to Hugh. "I am afraid you must find it wearying to spend so many hours with her, Mr. Carlisle; but nothing else satisfies her. You will be glad when we leave Lynn Royal."

Mr. Carlisle did not answer this speech, which appears to Rosamond rather invidious.

He goes into the house, the two girls ramble on through the great bronze gates into the lime-walks.

"How wretchedly ill your brother looks!" Miss Lynn remarks, stroking her little dog's ears.

"Indeed he does," Rosamond answers, looking straight ahead at the tall, narrow arches cut in the ruddy beeches, with a gleam of water showing across the openings from the broad basin of the fountain beyond. "He is going away. Lynn does not agree with him."

"Going away!" Miss Lynn echoes, looking at her companion.

But Rosamond does not turn her head.

"Yes," she says, "as soon as he can arrange his affairs here."

"Where is he going?" asks Miss Lynn.

"To Northwest America," replies Rosamond.

"To Northwest America!" repeats her companion. "Why, he might as well be transported for life!"

"He does not seem to care about that. He always had a fancy for a missionary life!" says Rosamond.

"Had he, indeed?" exclaims Miss Lynn.

Not an inflection of Miss Lynn's voice is lost upon Miss Carlisle. She does not look into her friend's face—that is unnecessary. She knows all that she wishes to know already.

"But why does he want to banish himself from all his friends?" Miss Lynn asks, after a few moments' silence.

"I think he is tired of this life," says Rosamond, "and wants a complete change; and, indeed, he looks as if he did. I am glad he is going away."

There is another silence—a much longer one this time. Miss Lynn has set down her little dog on the mossy path, and is walking along listlessly, her arms hanging by her side.

"He cannot care much for any one in this country, since he is in such a hurry to leave it," she says, at last.

"He did not tell me," Rosamond answers, with scarcely the truthfulness of her nature.

She thinks she has good cards for Hugh in her hands, and she is determined to play them well. She thinks she will not let him lose the game quite so quietly. But she does not know her brother yet.

"Do not let him go," Frances whispers, putting her arms round Rosamond. Tears are standing in her dark eyes.

"Do not you let him go," Rosamond whispers back.

"Oh, he does not care about me; but I—oh, Rosamond, I love him more than my life!"

Rosamond thinks she will let Hugh contradict the first part of this sentence for himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"A Long Life for a Newspaper."

The Philadelphia SATURDAY EVENING POST makes its appearance on our table regularly, and its fifty-six columns of varied and entertaining reading add no little to our evening's enjoyment. Fifty-six years old the 4th day of August. A long life for a newspaper in this go-ahead country of ours, where papers are born and die every day; and yet such a long and healthful existence is but the legitimate outgrowth of the efforts of its publishers to carry out their intentions, to furnish a first-class family paper. Its price, $2 per annum, brings it within the reach of all.—[Bridal Bells, Chicago.

PRAISE is a debt we owe to the virtues of others, and due unto our own from all whose malice hath not made mute or envy hath struck dumb.

UNLESS we can speak well of a fellow-creature, we had better not mention his name.

FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL

PARIS, August 24, 1877.

The Palace of the Legion of Honor was built in 1786, but shared the same fate as many edifices, having been set fire to and nearly destroyed by the Communists. It has been rebuilt at a cost of nearly a million of francs. After the Commune General Vinoy (Grand Chancellor), not wishing to impose this expense upon the country, asked of M. Thiers the authority to raise a public subscription to reconstruct it, and in a very little while a sufficient fund was gained to accomplish this patriotic work. The work of restoration is just being finished; nothing remains but to furnish it, a task, though which will not be very easy to do. To-day the decorations in the salle de reception are nearly complete. M. Shallict (Grand prix de Rome) has had charge of the painting of the ceiling. It represents the chief, or founder of the order, surrounded by his dignitaries, and an angel in the act of putting the grand cordon around his neck. There are many painted panels which represent very important scenes, but space will not allow me to write of them. In the Salle d'honneur the Grand Chancellor has had painted all the portraits of his predecessors, and other appropriate paintings. It was formerly furnished in such a manner as to be in harmony with the architecture. The carpets, candelabras, table-service, etc., were all in keeping, and the judgment of those in authority is that everything will be as near as possible to the primitive style.

The order of the

"LEGION OF HONOR"

was instituted by law in 1802 and remodeled in 1852 for the recompense of civil and military merit or length of public service. The order is administered by a Grand Chancellor, who keeps the seal, and is assisted by a secretary general and a council of ten members. The Legion consists of chevaliers, officers, commanders, grand officers, and grand crosses, all nominated for life. The number of chevaliers is unlimited. Foreigners are admitted to the order, but take no oath. The decoration of the Legion is a star with five double rays. In time of peace to be admitted in the order twenty years distinguished service in civil and military functions are required. In time of war acts of valor and serious wounds may be rewarded with admission or promotion. All officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the army and navy in active service receive annually, as members, a certain sum according to the grade of the decoration.

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLORS.

It has been remarked by strangers, that at this season of the year, when nearly all the fashionable men, and men of standing are supposed to be out of town, that there are so many to be seen on the streets wearing to all appearances the little red ribbon of the Legion of Honor; but one must not imagine that those men are all chevaliers, for there are an endless number of foreign decorations which resemble that badge of the Legion of Honor. The French government, being aware of this, forbids under a very heavy penalty, the wearing of foreign decorations in Paris, without the sanction of a French Minister of State, but of course cannot prevent the subjects of other powers doing so; therefore there are always a great many individuals in Paris ornamented with questionable decorations. There is one foreign order which closely resembles the French in color, and only differs a little in size and shape, and one which would deceive even the most knowing—that of the Order of Christ, belonging to Portugal and Brazil. There are several other orders which differ from it only in regard to the shade of the color, which to some is hardly perceptible.

"PARIS EXPOSITION."

Reports are current here as well as in America, of the postponement of the exhibition for another year, but judging from the activity on the Champs de Mars, and the Trocadero, and the great progress of the work, (which is far beyond the most sanguine expectations,) it is almost impossible to conceive and cultivate such sad apprehensions. All the nations have given every assurance of their intention to contribute, with the exception (of course) of Germany. Turkey, in consequence of her trouble, will not perhaps be able to participate, and news from home gives very little hope of any very great help in that quarter, and there is so far very little interest manifested, it is true, but notwithstanding these drawbacks, the rumors in regard to the postponement of the Exhibition of 1878 lack foundation. Why is it that America is so slow to respond to this call? Is it the political situation of both France and our own country, or is it that the proud Americans have not forgotten the poor French exhibit and are going to retaliate. The truth is these Exhibitions are becoming too frequent, and this one coming just in the wake of the grandest one the world has ever seen is a great mistake. If the United States does not send many contributions she will certainly be well represented by her generous and open-handed countrymen.

"The French journals" have been filled for the last eight days with the trial and proceedings (in the Cour d'Assises) of the case of the Widow Gras, and her accomplice Gaudry. The details are too shocking to dwell upon, therefore I shall touch as lightly upon them as it is possible. The widow, known as the Baronne de la Cour, (whose sole idol and ambition was his majesty's money) entangled in her wicked meshes M. de la Roche, a young man of means and standing. Overwhelmed with chagrin and disappointment on hearing that it was the wish of his relations that he should marry, she determined, like the spider with the fly, to draw him so closely within her web that there would be no possible means of escape. To accomplish her wicked design she engaged the services of an "ouvrier" (un ami d'enfance), for she, too, was of poor and lowly origin, with the promise of her hand in marriage (for he too loved her) if he would perform her will, which was to throw in the darkness of night vitriol in her lover's face so as to render him blind (or nearly so) that he would be in the future solely dependent on her, or what was far worse, to have him so under her dominion that she could by means of a slow poison end his life, thereby becoming sole heiress to his estate. This dreadful deed was perpetrated on the night of their return from the grand opera ball by Gaudry, the accomplice who was lying in waiting, all having been so arranged as to make easy the task for him, but notwithstanding all the precautions and care taken, the guilty parties were brought to justice. The trial has just ended, the widow has been sentenced to fifteen (15) years imprisonment with hard labor, and Gaudry to ten years. This appears to be a righteous judgment, for the crime was horrible. M. de la Roche has not lost his eyesight, but he is disfigured for life, and will never be able to see distinctly again. One singular incident is that notwithstanding the high reward offered for the cocher who drove them home, he never appeared on the scenes again, but he certainly was not in any way implicated in the affair.

"CONSERVATOIRE DE DECLAMATION ET DE MUSIQUE."

The competition for tragedy and music has given much more brilliant results this year than last. For tragedy the first prize has been awarded to Madamoiselle Jullien, a young lady of about twenty-five years of age, and only seven months a pupil of that institution. To have received the highest award during her first year there, is surely extraordinary and almost without precedence, excepting in the days when Rachel was an eleve of that institution. Madamoiselle Jullien selected the grand scene in the role of Roxana in Bajazet, which she rendered with great precision and force. The new tragedienne not only possesses a fine voice, but a fine face full of expression, without being strictly handsome, and also a je ne sais quoi which seems to enchain at once the attention of her audience.

"CONCOURS D'OPERA."

Madamoiselle Richard, a young lady yet in her teens and endowed with many personal charms has been unanimously awarded the first prize at the Conservatoire for music. She is endowed with a magnificent mezzo soprano voice over which she has most perfect control, sending forth notes of so much smoothness and roundness that they are more like a natural gift than the result of a diligent and careful study. In the final duo of La Favorita and in the grand quartette of La Reine de Chypre she proved herself to possess all the attributes of a great dramatic singer and an artiste in the fullest acceptation of the word.

L. S.

A Mule's Wonderful Trickery.

"Speaking about mules," remarked a six footer in Arkansas, as he cracked his whip at market, "I've got a mule at home which knows as much as I do, and I want to hear somebody say I'm half a fool." No one said so, and he went on. "I've stood around here and heard men blow about kicking mules till I've got disgusted. When you come down to kicking, I want to bet on my mule. A friend came along and took dinner with me the other day, and as he seemed a little down-hearted, I took him out to see Thomas Jefferson, my champion mule. I was telling the good man how that mule would flop his feet around, and he said he would like to see a little fun. He'd passed his whole life in the South, but had never seen a mule lay his whole soul into a big time at kicking. 'Well,' he said, after borrowing some tobacco, 'I took Thomas out of the stable, backed him up agin a hill, gin him a cuff on the ear, and we stood back to see the amusement. It was a good place to kick his durndest, and what d'ye s'pose he did? In ten minutes by the watch he was out of sight. In five more we couldn't feel him with a twelve foot pole, and—and—'" The crowd began to yell and sneer, and the narrator looked around and asked: "Does anybody think I'm lying? Would I lie for one mule? Right here under my arm is a pound of tallow candles which are to light the hole for to go in after Thomas, and I got word not an hour ago that the hind feet of a mule were sticking out of a hill thirty-nine miles to the [illegible] from where my mule went in. I'm shaky on religion, gentlemen, but our family never had a liar in it."

FARM AND GARDEN.

CELERY.—There is no garden crop which requires more tender and constant care than that of celery. From the time the plants are set in the trenches up to the time the rows get the final hilling-up and dressing, there is something to be done to insure a first-class crop. The man who undertakes to raise celery in a humdrum way, looking at it once in a while, pulling out a few weeds, hoeing a little and watering a little, had better abandon the attempt altogether, for he never will obtain stalks of celery, but only stubs quite unfit for the table.

PEACH BORDERS.—Peach borders are seldom made so rich or so deep as vine borders, and, as the soil is often allowed to become very hard, it parts with its moisture more readily, consequently watering is the more necessary when the weather is dry and warm. A hard, firm border suits stone fruits best; but it is frequently allowed to get too dry. A good soaking of water at the beginning of the season, and a mulching on the top, will do much toward carrying the crops through the critical time; but water should be given liberally throughout the summer.

FORAGE CROPS.—Says an exchange: "A farmer lately informed us that he grew thirty tons of green fodder-corn on an acre. This estimate we did not doubt, for we saw it while he was feeding it out to his cows. No other forage plant named would very nearly approach that in quantity and quality combined. The next plant in regard to quantity of forage is German millet, called by some golden millet. This forage plant is highly commended by those who tried it in this section last summer. While we deem fodder-corn the best supplemental forage crop for milch cows, we would not deny that the others are good."

CABBAGE CULTURE IN GARDENS.—The failure in gardens so frequently to raise cabbage is owing, probably, to two or three things, all of which could be overcome. It is want of deep culture and very heavy manurings in the autumn. Commence early in the spring to get the ground in thorough condition, manuring again after setting out the plants and covering at the first hoeing. Be particular that the plants are all right, that they are short and stocky, and have not been allowed to grow too fast or too much in the cold frame under cover. We fancy, however, that the ground has a great deal to do with the crops.

WEEDS ON THE COMPOST HEAP.—A compost heap is a good thing on a farm when it is properly managed, but when it is allowed to become covered with a mass of weeds its value is very rapidly decreased. It is bad enough to let weeds go to seed any where, but one of the worst of all places is on the compost heap. If ripened there they will not remain where they fall but will be carried to various parts of the farm and scattered into the soil, under conditions very favorable to their germination and subsequent growth. The farmer will find weeds enough to fight, if he does not take pains to scatter their seeds and hasten their development.

EVERGREEN CORN.—The St. Paul Dispatch has the following: "While we claim good seed will germinate under very unfavorable circumstances, we must allow a little charity for some sorts, prominent among which is evergreen sweet corn. The seed is so sensitive to cold and wet that good seed almost always fails if planted too early. To thoroughly test this, last spring we planted half of a quart package on the 18th of May, which failed to come up at all satisfactorily, but suspecting the seed was good, the balance was planted during the warm, rainy time, about June 10, and 90 per cent. is green, strong and doing finely. The best seed of this sort hardly ever exceeds 70 per cent. that will germinate. As evergreen corn is not wanted early, but is most desirable when late, planters should delay sowing until the ground is warm, and save themselves much annoyance and seed-men much blame."

PREMIUM FOR ORCHARDS.—The Germantown Telegraph says: "For many years we urged upon agricultural societies the expediency and advantage of offering a premium for the best cultivated and and most productive apple orchard. If such a premium, of sufficient amount were to be a standing one, and divided into three premiums, say $200, $100 and $50, it would do much to increase the quantity and quality of fruit in the section of country where the society is located. A premium for apples, it is true is offered; but a man—farmer or not—with a single tree, or two of different varieties, may carry off the premiums, and what benefit is that to apple culture? Premiums should also be regularly set down in the list for the best managed and most productive farms respectively of not under thirty and not exceeding fifty acres, and of 100 and not exceeding 150 acres. These prizes would be likely to draw out considerable competition, and furnish a vast amount of valuable information."

WATERMELON'S AS FOOD.—The watermelon stands perhaps only second in public estimation to the cucumber, for its bad effects as an article of food. Like all other traditional opinions there are some grains of truth in the belief. Melons picked before they are ripe, and transported by rail hundreds of miles, and then allowed to lie in the store or on the sidewalk until they are "mellow," are undoubtedly among the most vicious of fruits that can be taken in the stomach. Allowed to ripen on the vines, picked early in the morning, and kept cool until eaten, there is no fruit of its season more gratifying to the taste, or more healthful to the system. Like the tomato they are a mild aperient, but may be eaten liberally every day, not only with no ill results, but with decided benefit. It is said of the Egyptians, that during the season of ripening, the watermelon is a regular article of diet for the poorer classes. In all the oriental countries, and especially in Persia, they are cultivated with the most assiduous care, and freely eaten by all classes. The only reason why they are in so ill-repute here, where the soil and climate are entirely natural to them, can be from no other cause than the one mentioned, that of being stale before they are eaten. In this respect the farmers need have no fear. They can have them fresh and in perfection, and they eat them morning, noon and night, not only with impunity, but with decided benefit to the health. But, like any other ripe fruit or vegetable, they should be eaten judiciously. That is, the stomach should not be glutted. If eaten daily during their season and in moderate quantities, we consider them the peer of the tomato, not only in the promotion of health, but, as among the most valuable of fruits, in keeping the system clear of those bilious disorders incident to our climate, and which are often intensified by an irregular indulgence of those fruits and vegetables, which all farmers should, but unfortunately do not, raise for themselves.

RELIGIOUS NEWS.

The Old Testamental Revision Committee concluded their 45th session on Friday, July 13th, after completing the first revision of Hosea, and proceeding with the revision of Joel as far as the 7th verse of the first chapter. The Committee on the New Testament met on the previous day and carried the work of the second revision to the end of Acts, 17th chapter.

Two Seventh-Day Baptists in Cussewago, Penn., have been fined and imprisoned for laboring on Sunday, under an obsolete statute, bearing date 1794.

Two more Church of England clergymen have gone to Rome—the Rev. Douglass Hope, M. A., and the Rev. James Baker White, M. A. It is also announced that twenty two persons worshiping at Mr. Risdale's church at Folkestone have gone over to the Roman Catholic Church. From St. Leonard's, Wantage, Clewer, St. Mary Magdalen's (Paddington), and St. Alban's (Holborn), Rome has likewise received, or is about to receive, several converts.

The Christian Union says: "A curious aspect of this whole discussion about auricular confession in the Church of England is the affectation of sudden horror and amazement at the discovery of it which pervades the anti-Ritualist press and platform. The whole matter has been perfectly well understood for years. The confessions themselves, indeed, have been 'done in a corner;' but as to the practice of confession there has not been the slightest concealment. Four years ago 483 of the English clergy petitioned the bishops to organize it regularly. This year 700 of them are associated to promote it. The importance of it as a necessary condition has been and is openly insisted on by well-known ecclesiastics both from the pulpit and in the press. Confession-boxes have been put up in the churches and have been thronged with penitents waiting their turn. The Rev. Mr. Bristow, of Lewisham, says that before the great festival he spends whole days in hearing confessions. And yet, when the fact comes out in the House of Lords the Archbishop of Canterbury is thunderstruck! O brother Tait Humburg!"

The Boston Journal gives an interesting statistical account of the fruits of last winter's revivals in Eastern Massachusetts. Returns from 303 churches report an accession of 4,909 by profession, 2,534 being added to Congressional churches 1,346 to Baptist churches, 769 to Methodist churches, and 37 to one Presbyterian church. None of the probationers are included in these figures.

The King of Holland, who annually selects a talented boy and girl to be educated at his expense, has this year again chosen a Jewish boy and girl, who are to receive a stipend so that they may continue their artistic and scientific studies.

Six hundred missionaries, it is said, have died in India, and the present number there is exactly six hundred.

It was stated at one of the recently held temperance camp meetings that one-fifth of the population of New Hampshire, and one-third of the voters have signed the temperance pledge.

The life of the late Dr. Wilson, of Bombay, one of the most distinguished Scotch missionaries of India, has been written by Dr. Duff, the well-known Scotch missionary, and will shortly be published.

The Evangelical Church of Prussia has about 12,000,000 of population, with 8,000 ministers, and as many congregations. Of the congregations, the King has the patronage of 2,000, and 3,000 are free.

The number of members of the Society of Friends in the world, according to the latest returns, is 78,140. Of this number, there are in America, 60,712. Two hundred years ago there were three times as many.

The Jewish Messenger deplores the fact that the Jewish congregations are so numerous, thinking that, were they fewer and more independent, the religious aspect of New York Judaism would be more cheering.

The Churchman takes those people to task [illegible] are complaining that it is difficult to get at the masses, and thinks that the whole difficulty is that they are got at by the wrong kind of people, and religion is thus perverted to the popular mind.

TIM MARPLE'S CAREER.

BY AUNT SUSAN.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

Tim could not cheer, however great the necessity, without inquiring after the welfare of Mr. Roberts, and, in his extreme sorrow, he learned that the good man had fallen a victim to the fever, to which gracelessness people were liable, and had been interred in the cemetery at Assumption.

Tim had ridden so much since he arrived in this country, that he was now an experienced horseman. His fits of rapidity, and in Frank's great delight was soon lost in the darkness.

"I am glad I helped the poor fellow, "thought Frank; "one good turn deserves another; he was kind to me on the hospital—besides, he is like my mother and little Lottie." And tears came into his eyes as thoughts of his distant home came to him.

The rode along at a full speed. The moon had not yet risen, for she was in her last quarter, and the light of the stars was obscured by clouds. The road was rough and hilly, and thickly covered with rocks, but Tim's horse was light, and the dangers were nothing to them from which he had so recently escaped.

As he neared the dangerous pass, the moon cast her first rising beams across the road.

The hailed her favor as a good omen, and entered gallantly, with a fearless heart, into the intricacies of the forest.

The path was narrow, hardly admitting the horse to enter, but Tim pushed along, and was fast approaching the open country, when he was startled by a rushing sound among the leaves that covered the wood, while, at the same time, he caught a glimpse of two glistening objects that shone like diamonds from a thicket near by.

Tim's horse trembled in every limb and stood transfixed with terror. A panic of disgust met Tim's ear. He at once overhauled his pistols to see that all was right, and then, descending from his horse, plunged into the thicket, just at the moment that a monstrous lynx had made a fearful leap at a recumbent traveller, and had seized his cloak in his terrible jaws.

Tim advanced fearlessly, and discharged a barrel of his pistol at the animal's head. Unfortunately, the shot was not fatal, and the beast turned from his intended victim full upon him. The young man fully realized the danger of his situation.

Nothing daunted by his proximity to the fearful animal, for he knew to turn away would be instant destruction, he hanged the still loaded barrels of his revolver into the monster's brain, and had the satisfaction to see him fall and die without a struggle.

Upon raising the almost fainting man from the ground, Tim was surprised to recognize an acquaintance he had made at Assumption, Don Antonio Gonzaga, a gentleman of great reputed wealth, yet so miserly as to deprive himself of everything except the barest necessaries of life.

The Don was very grateful for Tim's opportune assistance, and as they were journeying on the same road, they went on together. Tim led his horse by the bridle, for fear of his and the branches of the trees hanging so low down as to prevent the possibility of riding.

They were soon out of the pass, and near a small Spanish town, where, Don Antonio being well known, they were provided with the best accommodations the place could afford.

In the morning, Don Antonio set out for home, after procuring an invalid's carriage for him to remain at his house during the rest of his stay in the country. Having met his servants at this place, he sent them into the wood to ascertain the nature of the beast with which they had had such a fearful encounter. The servants soon returned, bringing with them an immense panther's skin, which they presented to Tim as a trophy of his valor.

It was at this place that Tim was to meet Don Miguel. He found that gentleman waiting for him, and they proceeded together to the Don Miguel residence.

Here Tim was entertained with much splendor. The house and surroundings were magnificent, and the family, consisting only of the wife and two children, vied with each other in lending him with favors. The time was spent in visiting places of notoriety in the neighborhood, in fishing in the La Platta river, and in hunting and riding.

Tim was surprised at the regal splendor with which he was surrounded, and for a time gave himself up to all the witchery of the place. Frank, fond and proud, and Tim soon became warmly attached to this youth, so like his gentle mother in manners and appearance.

But with recovered health, the sense of pursuing his father again became the leading thought of Tim's life. The untold gold that remained at Assumption were partly purchased by Don Miguel, and the rest, through his influence, had procured for him a very great advantage. Tim had the satisfaction to find that, despite all the difficulties he had had to encounter, he had still made a handsome profit for Mr. Barnet.

Frank Barnet was not an unfrequent visitor at the house of Don Miguel, who was an old friend of his father. The Don's daughters were lovely in their young womanhood. Possessed of great wealth, and of beauty, moreover they were very charming. But Tim saw no much to love in the little, dependent Laura that his heart was steeled to all other attractions.

Tim had strong hopes of Frank's entire reformation, as he had promised to return home with him and be reconciled to his parents; but he was doubtful to a great degree.

One day Tim had received a large sum of money from Don Miguel in Frank's presence. When they were alone, Frank asked him what he intended to do with it. "I am going to send it as in good need of money," he said, "and I hope you will supply me."

Tim looked at him in astonishment, then, recollecting that he was replenishing the sum given him by Frank, he immediately handed him a note, begging him to excuse his negligence, and saying, at the same time, that the obligation he was under for his freedom from prison he could never repay, though he could easily repay the loaned money.

Frank replied he was sure he did not know the use of money the pause he had given him contained, but that it was of that he spoke. Then, in a tone of playful melancholy, he asked him what was the good of returning the money he had received from Don Miguel to his father. "For, here," he continued, "risked your life in his service, and have already with him funds enough to secure him against all loss. You would now be perfectly justifiable in retaining the most of the money, and consoling here, where your fortune would soon be restored, for you could enter into business with Don Miguel, take me into the firm, and money his daughter also, which, you see, is only a charming girl, but possesses a large fortune in her own right."

Tim was silent. If pure love were in itself a thing of such desirable result, he could be in no doubt in this case.

Frank continued: "If you return to Philadelphia, what will you gain by it? My father, of course, will retain his former salary, but you will be a clerk still, and perhaps remain in that position all your life, your abilities unappreciated. Here, you will rise to eminence in a few years, you will obtain a man of me, and provide me with a fortune, as well as yourself. What do you say, old fellow, to my proposition?"

Tim looked up sorrowfully into Frank's beautiful face, and then buried his own in his hands, while his whole frame trembled with emotion.

Then with an effort he controlled himself, at length to say he said: "You have destroyed one of the brightest hopes that ever dawned on my heart—the hope of your complete restoration to the favor of your father—and my benefactor. To look his departure from Don Miguel's residence, regretted by all the family. His business in South America had all been satisfactorily transacted, and there was no need of his further stay in that country.

His preparations were soon made for his return, and, under the kind protection of Don Miguel, there was no longer any danger of annoyance from the Government.

Tim's disquietitude in not being able to induce Frank to return with him was the only cloud in his horizon. Therefore, his joy was proportionately great to see, on the morning before he was to set sail for home, the with much his appearance with all his traps, and declare his determination to accompany him, saying that he was tired of eating husks, and had made up his mind to return to his father's house.

The voyage home was a bright and happy one. The winds were propitious, and the passengers were quietly pleased.

Frank had made up his mind to be amiable. He was joyously received by his parents, and all old offences were forgotten. He began a new life, and acknowledged to his father that his reformation was altogether owing to Tim—who sought him out and would not leave him in the bonds of iniquity into which he had fallen.

Mr. Barnet received Tim with open arms. "You have done nobly, my dear boy," said he; "now it is I that am deep in debt to you, who have placed me on equal footing, and I shall hold you for the future as my second son."

After Frank's return, the sad expression, that Tim had often remarked and wondered over, vanished from Mrs. Barnet's face.

Laura had become a very fine, blooming girl. Her affection for Tim was unchanged, and in after years the bond that held Tim to the Barnet family was made stronger by their marriage.

Some years had passed, when one morning as Tim was engaged in his counting-room, (for Mr. Barnet had retired from the business and the firm was now Marple and Company), he was somewhat surprised to receive a sealed packet from Buenos Ayres, their trade with South America having ceased; but how much more was he astonished, upon an examination of its contents, to find that Don Antonio Gonzaga had made him sole heir to his vast estates.

Tim is an old man now, surrounded by many blessings, with a family of rosy boys and girls around him. Frank's and Laura's little children the cancelled note that he preserved at Mr. Barnet's request, and tells them the story of his young life, impressing upon them the truth that, in this world, one of the wisest things to remember is that honesty is always the best policy.

[THE END.]

ORNAMENTAL FIRE-BOARDS.

China and ornamental earthenware have become so popular for various household purposes for which they were not some years back considered appropriate, that we feel glad to be able to offer so elegant a means of embellishing the too often neglected fire-place. These imitations consist of fac-similes of costly china tiles manufactured in Europe and which, if carefully made, can not be distinguished from the genuine until examined closely.

We will first describe the method of making the toile indienne imitation.

Have a rough wooden frame made to fit the chimney closely, and cover with strong unbleached muslin strained tightly over and tacked close around the edges; wet thoroughly, and dry in the sun; when dried paste smoothly over this black wall-paper, either plain or colored.

It is next necessary to obtain a quantity of the German embossed "scraps" or "stumped" pictures of every colors, such as bouquets, and profuse variety in sheets of many kinds. The greater the variety for this purpose the better. A bouquet basket or garland may be placed in the centre, and the sprigs and flowers arranged carelessly around, with corner pieces arranged heavy in the angles, and running out gradually to a slender spray. Cut each flower, leaf and detail carefully apart, trim the edges, and gum securely in place. Then dry and apply a coat of fine damaar varnish; this dry varnish again, and then again. Then, when quite dry, or after a day or two, take a soft wedge and some finely pulverized pumice-stone, and very gently rub the varnish from the entire surface, and rinse with clear water; then thoroughly dry and varnish again. If when this is done a fine china-like surface is not obtained, the process must be repeated. Another charming effect is produced by covering the narrow wooden frame with black lutestan, and mounting the sprigs, and fasten a border of narrow gold moulding to hide the wooden frame. Then fill the chimney-place with white paper lings drawned with sparkling roses, which will appear with wonderfully beautiful effect through the gauze.

IMITATION OF ETRUSCO-EGYPTIAN.

A similar frame is covered with the muslin and afterward with rough paper or pasteboard cambric. On this are arranged various curious designs cut from black paper or muslin, or, where they can be procured, from the "stumped" pictures. The designs should consist of those curious Egyptian figures in illustrations of books of Oriental travels; also the curious eccentric figures of animals, fish and birds.

If fish are used, a border of the Grecian key pattern may surround the figures, and appropriately formed arabesque designs fill in the spaces. When all is dry, the fine damaar varnish must be applied, and the polishing carried on as in the first method. This board is exceedingly ornamental, and, with appropriate surroundings, will prove most effective. Another method of ornamenting may be described. The frame and muslin cover are alike in all cases. Then for this ancient style is black, gray, scarlet, or rich dark buff color may be used, and on this are arranged various antique designs, such as mythological figures, quaint vehicles, rude forms of utensil and vessel, all in rich opaque colors, as white, red, blue, and green, all of which are best obtained from rich silks, decalcomanie pictures, or potichomanie pictures. Of these last, enough can scarcely be said in praise. Some years since we accidentally obtained a beautiful collection from a small shop in Philadelphia, the colors and forms of which were of the most artistic character, and of them six inches in length, in dead gold and rich enamel colors.

In order to preserve the delicate red color to these, damaar varnish must be used in finishing.

The richness of such a board as this can scarcely be conceived.

For the centre, some rich design as the chariot of Isaras with its flying steeds surrounded by graceful goddesses and unseen cloud-mirrors, fanciful plants and curious animals, mermaids, and fishes should be appropriate selection, although this should depend entirely on the taste of the maker.

Herbert and Leda.

"I'm afraid, sir, we cannot make a satisfactory place of work, unless your darra the whole mantel-piece. You see it has been loose for years. There is a wide crack at the back that must have been there a long time."

Then Herbert Payne fled from the confusion to come, and took a grip of two weeks, absolutely whitened and so slim, excepting the escape from his disordered library.

Mrs. Jones, his housekeeper, took care that none of his treasures were injured, and when he returned there was no trace of the invaders, save that the failing mantel-piece was carefully and firmly re-set.

But upon this table lay a sealed envelope, yellow with age, and directed in a pretty lady-like hand, to "Mr. Herbert Payne."

Every shade of color left the face of the middle aged bachelor, as he saw his epistle. His hand, stretched out to grasp it, trembled so violently he drew it back. Mrs. Beach was within call, and he controlled his emotion to ask—

"How came this letter here?"

"The men found it behind the mantel-piece, sir. It must have slipped down the big crack."

He shut the door then, and bolted it.

No curious, curious eyes should watch him when he read the letter, the letter that must have been hidden thirteen years behind the mantel-piece.

Before he touched it he unlocked a writing desk evidently seldom used, and took from it the miniature picture of a lovely girl of eighteen or nineteen, with large brown eyes and waving golden hair.

A face full of sweetness looked out from the faded ivory, and the eyes of the strong man grew dim with tears as he gazed upon it.

For he had loved her.

Not with the wild unstable love of youth, but when he was a man past thirty, who had faced trouble and temptation, and conquered both.

He had met her first when she was the comfort of an invalid father, and he had been won first to love her by watching her sweet patience with the irritable old man, who kept her constantly busy in his service.

Later, when they were friends Herbert learned that Mr. Morrison, the feudal sailor, was a very wealthy man, and that Leda was his only child.

Being himself a man of large fortune, Herbert forgot for awhile the fact that Leda was probably an heiress, but he found his whole heart going out to her as they grew better friends.

Every day he loved her better, till he was assured of her love in return, when he sought her father's consent to his taking her to his heart and home, his loved, honored wife.

And Mr. Morrison's plea was this:

"I cannot spare her yet. When I tell you her story you may not come to marry her, but if you still love her spare her to me a few months longer. I may not cannot live over another spring, even in this soft climate, but when I die Leda will inherit all my fortune, though she is not my child. I told you she had a history.

"When my wife had been married but two years our first child was born and died within an hour.

"Leda—my wife, Leda—was delirious, calling constantly for her babe, and the doctor said it was life or death with her to have a child. So we took the babe who has grown to be the comfort of my life from a foundling asylum. I have no idea who she is or what was her parentage, but from the hour she lay in my wife's arms, the pressure of her tiny fingers calmed the wild excitement of the brain, she was to us our child.

"We never were blessed with one of our own again, and all the love that was in our hearts for children was lavished upon Leda. She was ten years old when her adopted mother died, but she knew nothing then, and knows nothing now, of the secret of her birth. Only two other persons besides myself know of it, my brother and my nephew, who will be my heirs if I leave no will.

"But I promise you to make a will before I die, and leave Leda independent. You—you will not look so if this story had shaken your love."

"Nor has it. Leda will ever be to me the one woman I love, and I care nothing for her connections or origin, nothing for her fortune. Rich or poor, she will ever be the same to me."

"But you will not urge her to leave me yet—not until spring! 'Tis but a few months, but it is all my life."

"I will not ask her to leave you," Herbert said, deeply moved by the pathos of those last words, "but let me speak to her, win her consent to be my wife if I can, and have the right to return here at the time you fear you must leave her in sorrow and loneliness."

"Yes, yes; but must you go?"

"I must. I have left my own business, and I must return to my home at once. But if you wish it, I will return in March."

"I do wish it."

Little thinking his success—for while Leda was never unmaidenly, she never quite concealed her shy, pure love—Herbert wooed and won the maiden he sought for his wife.

They were to correspond frequently, and in March Herbert was to return and remain with the Morrisons.

He was filled with new, deep happiness as he journeyed homeward, and every tender, loving letter from Leda added to his content.

January was over when the letters ceased.

He waited a reasonable time, then wrote. No answer.

Hastening at once to the house Herbert found it closed and deserted.

The agent whose address was on the placard answered his inquiries, but could give no information excepting that he had received his orders to let the house from Mr. Morrison, the brother of the former owner. He was not at liberty to communicate with that gentleman about Miss Leda, could give the address of the late Mr. Morrison's lawyer, and knew that the surviving brother and his son were traveling.

At the lawyer's office Herbert learned that Mr. Morrison had died without a will, and the entire property had passed into the hands of the heir-at-law.

"He was superstitious," the old lawyer said, "fancying it would hasten his death to make a will. Foolish? Well, yes, but not uncommon. Miss Leda remained a week, but I do not know what became of them. The brother was very unkind—one might say brutal, for he had been jealous of her for years, and understood perfectly well that it was only because of his brother's neglect that she was left penniless instead of inheriting the most of the estate. If I hear of her I will let you know certainly."

But thirteen long, weary years passed by, and no word of Leda reached the faithful heart waiting and hoping to have the long-looked-for tidings.

No other fair face ever took the place in Herbert's heart that Leda's face filled.

No other love ever drove out this one strong love of his life, and when he looked upon the parting gift of his darling every throb of his heart was as truly hers as it had been when he bade her farewell and tenderly kissed away her falling tears.

It was many minutes before he could control his agitation sufficiently to open the letter.

The date was that of the day previous to that of Mr. Morrison's funeral.

When at last he opened and read it, tears were no shame to Herbert Payne's manhood, caused from his shocks.

In humble words Leda told him frankly the story already familiar to him and her own penniless condition.

"You may not care to claim a wife who knows nothing of her birth," she wrote, "who stands now utterly alone, a beggar. But if—as my heart will whisper hopefully—you still love me, you will find me free for a week longer. If you do not come, I shall know you despise me for my involuntary deceit, and I shall accept a position offered me by an old friend as a governess to her children."

"Oh, my darling, my forsaken darling!" Herbert whispered, "where are you? Sorrowing for your unmerited love. Despising your lover who deserted you in sorrow and loneliness! It is too bitter!"

But calmer thoughts came at last, and after a long deliberation Herbert decided upon one more effort to gain tidings of his lost love.

In every city for a week one leading newspaper contained this advertisement—

"Leda.—The letter written thirteen years ago has just reached me. Write again.

"H."

Waiting, endured for so many years, became torture after this desire appeared, and once again Herbert Payne resigned himself to a future unchosured by loving companionship.

Had he possessed a monitor power he might have been wafted to a home in Paris, where a sweet-faced woman, lovelier in her gentle maturity than even in her girlish bloom, was teaching a class of girls the hard words of the English language.

Accepting the position offered her by her old friend, and refusing the assistance proffered grudgingly by her adopted father's brother, Leda Morrison had gone with the children under her charge for nearly six years.

Then, finding herself in Paris and able to gather a class of pupils for English, she had decided not to return to her old home, earning more than sufficient for her humble wants in her new vocation.

It was some weeks after the discovery of the long-lost letter behind the row of girls were improving their English accent by reading from a newspaper, when one slowly and hesitatingly read—

"Leda.—The letter written thirteen years ago has just reached me. Write again.

"H."

In a moment Leda, white and trembling, was eagerly scanning the lines.

Leda! It was an odd name.

Could there be another Leda who had risked her whole life's happiness thirteen years before in a letter to "H?"

Were there two Herberts? If it should be—If it should be!

The young ladies wondered at the perfect tranquility with which they murdered the English language during the remainder of the class hour, but none guessed the tumult of hope and fear in the heart of their pale, gentle teacher—none save Lucy, when she was at last alone, write a few words only:

"It it is indeed Herbert who has put the enclosed advertisement in the paper, he will find Leda at No. 29, Rue Mabuef, Paris. Ever his faithful, loving betrothed,

"LEDA MORRISON."

Then she put the advertisement into the letter, sealed and directed it, and sent it anew into the sea to the anxious lover waiting and praying for tidings.

The English classes were never neglected in the comfort of the apartment in which Leda's companion was never forgotten, the daily duties of life were conscientiously performed, but it seemed to Leda as if her life co-existed since the arrival of the letter after there was a possibility of receiving an answer to her short note.

She grew pale with restlessness at night and the dream of her youth came again to keep her wakeful.

All the old love, the old hope, the long-ago-conquered despair came back to haunt her as she waited with renewed hope for tidings.

"I am growing old and wan," she said one day, looking at her pale face in the mirror; "I am not the blooming girl Herbert loved, but a careworn, pallid woman."

And her own sad eyes could not see the rare beauty of her sweet face.

But, still thinking of her love, she twisted her hair in a heavy knot over her shapely head, and upon one side put a knot of blue ribbon.

"Herbert liked it so," she thought.

Then she pinned blue ribbon over her grey dress under a soft lace collar, and put on a brooch her adopted father had given her which was a favorite with Herbert.

And thinking only of the change years had made, she was summoned to her sitting-room to meet a grave, middle-aged man, changed also, until upon his lips and in his eyes she read his constancy and answered it by her own.

Years rolled back as these two, faithful through all, met at last to know their hearts still young, their love still true, as it was in those days of youth and wounded them by no small an agent as a crack in the wall behind a mantel-piece.

FIRE-CRACKERS AND JOSS-STICKS.

These two articles have more connection in the mind of a Cantonese than they have among people in this country. They find a special connection chiefly with the noise and license of Fourth of July, when boys have the annual privilege of firing them off; and the second is known for the smoke-incense they afford in lighting cigars.

But among the Chinese, fire-crackers and fire-works are used in worshipping the gods, and to drive off evil and hungry spirits which may be prowling about the house; while joss-sticks are used to invite genial influences from the gods by pleasing them with the smoke of fragrant incense.

The noise of the gong, the hiang pae, and chun, means sonorous cracklings, and cracking fire-crackers are supposed to scare from their resemblance in size to the little twigs of the plant. There is a proverb among the people, "Joss-sticks and fire-works will drive away the old year," which is explained by the following legend:

Long ago, buried in the hills, and the house of his neighbor, old Chang was continually insulted and robbed by the latter's family morning and evening to a half to burn bamboo sticks whose cracking alarmed them so that they let his neighbor alone. One night, when all his account people have since used fire-works to terrify the spirits, so that no malicious ones may molest the household, the New Year's fire-crackers are also let off whenever an enterprise, or a voyage or a journey is undertaken, and so much to get good luck to attend it, as to drive away evil from hindering it.?

Fire-crackers are made of coarse bamboo paper rolled around a little gunpowder and a match of paper as a fuse to fire it. They are always covered with red paper, because that is the color of joy among the Chinese, and are supplied on every festive or important occasion. The bride steps into her gay sedan, and gets out to enter her husband's house, amid their cracklings; and when a child first goes before the ancestral tablet, it warns malicious spirits to retire far away. The sailor burns them as he weighs anchor, and invokes favorable winds. The annual offerings at the ancestral tomb are presented amid their cracking, and its inmates left in repose for the coming year with the same salute. The public courts are ushered and the official will put away during the new year holidays under the same auspices; while in each household the god of the kitchen is thus flambeed on his journey to report on the conduct of its members to Shangti, the Supreme Ruler. But the demand for this miniature artillery is greatest on New Year's Eve, when the whole empire resounds with its deafening noise until the lanes and streets of the cities. In Canton City their consumption is so great that the streets are red with fragments which the farmers sweep up to use as manure.

The consumption of fire-crackers among the Chinese, as may readily be inferred, is enormous, for they enter into all their religious acts, and many of the customs of daily life. One store in Canton has more than 1,000 cases annually, of which perhaps 1,000 come to this country. How could American boys get through Fourth of July without them?

Joss sticks derive their name from the effort of the Canton shop keeper to describe to his foreign customers that these sticks often seen burning on the counter. He knew that idols of every kind were called joss by the Portuguese at Macao, derived from their word deos or God, and corrupted in his mouth to joss; and so he summarily called his incense sticks, God's sticks, as the phrase most likely to be understood. On the same principle, he calls a temple a joss house; the Sabbath a joss day; foreign or native priests, joss man; and worship of any kind, joss pidgin. All these words he supposed to be good English, and believed they will be clearly understood by the foreigner. Immense sticks are usually made of punk-wood, the slips of bamboo which are covered with a composition of sawdust and clay in fine powder. The best kind are made of the scarlet, coarse, or other fragrant woods reduced to powder; the cheaper and common sorts are of fir, cedar, juniper, etc. On this altar lies a pile of incense, an open jar vase of bronze, crockery or iron, containing incense dust in one form or other constantly burning. Another method of using them is to mix the dust with gluttinous water and form a paste, and the composition into a quill-shaped strip, uniform in size throughout. It is sometimes ten or twelve feet long, and is coiled up in a circle of conical veil supported by wires; it burns so regularly that it is marked off into certain distances to indicate the time by the hour. Such is one name for this kind means "time incense," from its duration. Kidneys, or stills Cramps, Quinsy, Fever and Ague with Nausea, Sick Headache, Tic Doloureux, Toothache, Earache, with Lumbago, Pain in the Back, or Rheumatism, or with Diarrhœa, Cholera Morbus, or with Dysentery, or with Burns, Scalds, or Bruises, with Sprains, Bruises, or Pains in the Limbs, or with Neuralgia, or Headache, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will give the most wonderful relief. Not one of these complaints can resist it for a few minutes.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

A Day with a Investigatnatite.

From the Syracuse (N.Y.) Weekly Herald.

Yesterday afternoon a little boy about six years of age, residing in the lower portion of the city, ran home in great distress and told his mother that a big boy had put a bean in his ear, and it was hurting him badly. The mother examined the ear, but could not see any bean, and told the boy to go out and play again. He insisted, however, that the bean was there, that the boy had "pushed it way in," and pretty soon began to cry so hard that his mother, fearing to trifle with the child, sent for a doctor. The latter examined the child, declared his belief that there was no foreign substance in the ear, suggested something quilting to soothe any pain that was felt, and took his departure. The mother followed his advice, tied up the child's head, and shortly afterward went out in search of the "big boy" who had made the trouble. The boy was easily found, and informed her, with evident truthfulness, bringing other boys to confirm what he had only just "fooling" with her son; but had shown him the bean, told him that he would put it in his ear, and then struck against the orifice with his thumb and finger, but immediately removed it. The little boy, however, thought it had gone in, and put his own hand up, but could not find it, and then, believing that it had gone inside, imagined from the boys joking that he had great pain and would soon die.

"Wonderful Waters.

From the Pensacola (Fla.) Commercial Express.

Astonishing things are found in Florida. At Silver Spring I was introduced to a gentleman of some eighty-seven years of age, who was the general health of that vicinity he said: "I have lived here about forty years. Some two years since I fell in love with one of our neighbor's daughters, about sixteen years of age. I gained the affections of the young lady, but on asking the father for his daughter he replied to me, 'My dear friend, you are too old.' I pleaded in vain. Finally I left the country on its adventures, some three or four of us boys went up to her father's house and stole her off, and I married the girl. We have lived here and fat a baby as there is in the country." The effect of Silver Spring water on old folks is said to be medicinal.

The Channels of Exit

From the human system bear the same relation to it as sewers do to a city. They carry off the waste, the refuse which it is essential to remove in order to prevent disease. One of the most salutary effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is to insure activity of the bowels when those organs are derelict in their duty. The bilious and dyspeptic symptoms which accompany constipation are also remedied by this sterling alterative. Its gently cathartic action has the effect of removing impurities which would otherwise poison the system and the tonic influence it exhibited in an increase in vital power. It renews appetite, soothes and tranquilizes the nerves, and overcomes malarial fever, and is a first-rate remedy for despondency.

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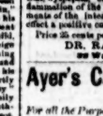

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Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Dysentery, Foul Stomach and Breath, Piles, Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, Fever Complaints, Colds, Inflammation, Fever and Ague, Worms, Gout, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Ulcers, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Boils, Carbuncles, and Diseases Purifying the Blood, are the most effectual remedy that can be employed.

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PREPARED BY

Dr. J.C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

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RUPTURE

NO ONE IS SAFE WHO HAS A RUPTURE

no matter how insignificant he may consider it, for every man who has it on his mind fastened himself to a life of misery, and he is liable to die at any moment. Dr. Sherman, of 251 Broadway, New York, is convinced that life has no enjoyments once regarded it as he has discovered a method by which he can cure himself without the use of the knife. His wonderful discovery, even unto death, and is now, after fifteen years of practice, able to effectually relieved of it before the day of suffering and gloom comes upon him.

Dr. Sherman,

By his application, in his method of cure, avoids the use of the knife, and restores the parts injured to their natural vigor and health.

Dr. Sherman's Appliances are entirely unlike any yet on specimen simply for external local application, and are self-adjusting to all positions of the body, and, when once properly applied, are kept in place during the most violent exertion, and cannot be displaced, and without interfering with the cure. Self-adjusting Appliances for Rupture, Piles, Fistula and Prolapsus, Spinal Curvature, Weak Lungs, Throat Diseases, Nervousness, Rheumatism, Deformities, Etc., Etc.

Dr. Sherman's Treatment is entirely painless, and does not confine the patient to the house, but he can go about his business as usual. Dr. Sherman's Appliances are worn with perfect ease and comfort during the most violent exercise, and can be removed by the patient at pleasure.

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Dr. Sherman, 251 Broadway, New York.

Consultation free. Call or send for Circular.

HARVARD EXAMINATIONS FOR WOMEN.

PHILADELPHIA LOCAL COMMITTEE.

The examination for women by Harvard University will be held for the first time in Philadelphia, in May and June, 1879.

Notice of intention to be candidates must be sent as early as possible to the Secretary of the Local Committee, and will be forwarded to any address on application.

Notice of the place of examination and also of the hours will be sent to candidates in due time. By direction, THOMAS, Secretary Local Committee of Harvard Examinations.

No. 40

A PSALM OF THANKSGIVING.

I thank Thee, oh, my God, for all
The joys that gild my way;
The pleasures that surround my feet
And crown my day by day.

I thank Thee for the thirst I slake
At Love's own fountain-head;
I thank Thee for the grace of death
When life is hardest dead.

But yet I thank Thee more I would,
That Thou hast sent me many foes
To meet in mortal strife.

But yet I thank Thee more I would,
That Thou hast sent the messenger,
Whose name is called Despair.

I cannot thank Thee as I would,
But make my life to be
A thankful song of praise to Thee,
Forever, Lord, to Thee.

DICK'S DIVINITY.

BY YATHMAN.

One beautiful day last October when the Centennial Exhibition was in full blast, I was walking through the British Gardens in front of Horticultural Hall, with several hundreds of men, women and children who, like myself, were paying more attention to the vegetable kingdom just then than anything else. The conifers were in a rare, ripe, mellow mood, common to that season of the year; the time of the autumn leaves had arrived, and I had just been tasting a delicious lunch at the California Buffet in Agricultural Hall, consequently the intervening without and the afternoon influences within combined to put me into a very impressionable state of mind. Elegantly dressed ladies passed me in velvet and lace, queenly-looking creatures with diamonds gleaming in the sunshine, slender young girls, some of them with modified traces of youth in their faces still, and with the buoyancy and dash of youth in their luminous chatter, in the flirt of their trains and in the tone of their dainty heads. It was like a constant procession with nothing to remind us that it was not a dream, save the nervous, the somewhat occasional rustle of a soldier-like pop-corn wrapper or the crackle of a peanut shell. After wandering down the broad grassy road which leads from the Lansdowne Tower around on the bridge and leaned over the railing, the music came in waves from Lansdowne, when the silence lazily loosened out "Maryland, my Maryland," while I commenced lecturing in pulses with them; but in a little while the thought struck me that my notes were rather loud for the time and place, so looking around to see what was listening I found the object was a little fellow who was still mastering on and no one near me except a woman.

She was graceful, willowy-looking woman, dressed in black, and her pale face with dark hanging to artistic folds from her waist to the ground instead of being stretched out over one of those ugly things called a bustle, but which looks to me more like a window-awning than an article of dress; a neat little black hat crowned her luxuriant hair which was neither in frizzes, bangs nor ringlets, but simply rolled around her head as nature intended it should be. This was just to my taste, but if I could only see her hand or foot—and then in answer to my wish she changed her position and a slender, arching foot made its appearance. She is a lady, I said to myself as I eagerly watched her, my sudden-awakened interest growing with every movement. With this figure in the foreground the scene was complete and the pleasant afternoon was invested with a new attraction. The last note of the chimes was dying out when the woman in grey, picked up her parasol and started to go. I looked to see her face and she gave me a glance, but in that moment I saw not the loveliest eye I had ever met in my life—dark, bewildering eyes that gave me an appetite to see them again; but she launched out into the crowding throng and passed from view, but not from my mind, for I thought of her again and again, dreamed of her at night, and the expectation of meeting her was always with me no matter where I went.

The Centennial year breathed its last breath and then 1877 was the stunted and gave us the prospect of another great fair. My piece of business was in New York, and the firm in which I had figured for several years, concluded to make a display in the Pennsylvania exhibition. So I was sent to Philadelphia to look after its interests. This was the very thing for me, and I could not help entertaining the expectation of meeting my dark-eyed divinity again. The 10th of May was a wearisome day to me as I marched among the thousands of faces to find here, but all in vain, and then I watched at myself for the supposition I should know again after seeing her face but once, and that only for a short moment. Of course she would not be dressed the same as she was then, a gray dress does not last forever, and the fashion in hats changed. I had not seen her full feature of her face, so I could not tell her by that; and as for her eyes, two out of every five women we meet have dark eyes, so I tried to console myself that it was all for the better logic.

On the next day after the opening, while wandering around through the quiet aisles, but here I may as well begin to quote from my diary, which I commenced with a soft, white sheet on the first day, by reason of an important event which occurred.

May 11th, Eureka! I've found her at last! I went to look at the Siege of Yorktown to-day and there I met her. While she gazed at the beautiful view, I feasted my eyes on her. She was dressed in black with no jewelry, except a plain gold pin which fastened her collar. Her neck she has, round and smooth, with not a bone or muscle visible.

I don't think she is rich, but her hands are not hardened by labor, and I've heard her say. He followed her until she went out and got into a car, but she never noticed me. I will live on hope and look for her again.

May 12th. Rain. Part of the gods may grind slowly, but they are certainly favoring me and not keeping me waiting for it either; to day as I stepped into the elevator to go up and get a breakfast, there, there in the shadow of the stairs was my dark-eyed divinity. It is interesting my time day and night. Together we ascended and together we came down. [illegible] guised, but I can't think she even saw me.

May 18th. The crowd was in great spread this morning and I was in the midst of it when, that a young lady was pushed over back wards into the fountain. How I wished it had been she, so that I could have rescued her! How can I manufacture a chance for her?

How can I attract her attention? She cannot out here very often, and seems to examine and study all the exhibits but ours. Now if I were a lady, and could think of something that is interesting to a lady, I might have some hope of gaining acquainted with her in that way.

May 19. Another step gained! I fell—fell. Sir and two other ladies got into a Market street car to-day; I gave her my seat, and she looked at me with a look which looks to me more like a window-awning than an article of dress; a neat little black hat crowned her luxuriant hair which was neither in frizzes, bangs nor ringlets, but simply rolled around her head as nature intended it should be. This was just to my taste, but if I could only see her hand or foot—and then in answer to my wish she changed her position and a slender, arching foot made its appearance. She is a lady, I said to myself as I eagerly watched her, my suddenly-awakened interest growing with every movement. With this figure in the foreground the scene was complete and the pleasant afternoon was invested with a new attraction. The last note of the chimes was dying out when the woman in grey, picked up her parasol and started to go. I looked to see her face and she gave me a glance, but in that moment I saw not the loveliest eye I had ever met in my life—dark, bewildering eyes that gave me an appetite to see them again; but she launched out into the crowding throng and passed from view, but not from my mind, for I thought of her again and again, dreamed of her at night, and the expectation of meeting her was always with me no matter where I went.

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